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### FRANCE AND THE EMPEROR.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH has been ill. It is no exaggeration to say that this one fact makes the history of Europe for the week. Nothing else has been talked or thought of. It does not appear that his symptoms have been more alarming than they were ten days ago; indeed, according to the latest accounts, he is making more satisfactory progress towards recovery than he has yet done. But they have proved more persistent than was at first thought, and they are alleged to be aggravated by any little coldness in the weather. At his age, and with the winter before him, these are serious elements in the case. Whatever may be the precise disease under which he is suffering, he seems to have scarcely strength to throw it off completely; and if the sharp airs of September have kept him a prisoner at St. Cloud when grave public considerations demanded his presence at Paris, alarmists may shake their heads with some show of reason when they think of the frosts of January and the winds of March. It is assumed that the panic has been aggravated by the injudicious reticence of the *Journal Officiel*, and the still more injudicious chatter of the semi-official papers. But it is just possible that the authorities said nothing because they could say nothing. They might of course have invented a favourable crisis from time to time, and filled up the interval with commonplaces about slow but steady amendment. But the experience of the semi-official journals gave no encouragement to this way of meeting the difficulty. A man who has never been really ill is able to do things which it was patent were beyond the EMPEROR's strength, and an observant and speculative public may be trusted to find this out for themselves. Nor is it to be taken for granted that the publication of medical bulletins would have had a more soothing effect. On the hypothesis that they were to state the real facts—and if they were not to do this the imaginary bulletins in the *Pays* would answer the same purpose—it seems all but certain that at some periods of the attack they would have testified to real, though perhaps not serious, danger. We can well believe, therefore, that the conductors of the *Journal Officiel* were at their wits' end what to do. That they have not acted wisely is plain enough; that it was in their power to act more wisely is not so evident.

There is some probability, therefore, that the variations in the EMPEROR's state will continue to occupy the attention of politicians throughout Europe for the autumn and winter. Even a year ago the consequent uneasiness might have been less. Then there were people who believed in the Empire. If no one else answered to this description, the Imperialists were supposed to do so; if the Imperialists had not much confidence in their own professions, there was nothing to throw doubt upon the sincerity of the EMPEROR's own faith. Now all this is over. France has woken up and found itself sceptical. The *Senatus Consultum* has scattered the Imperial system to the four winds of heaven. The country rejects it, the Corps Légiſlatif rejects it, the EMPEROR rejects it, and even the Senate is forced to abandon it. It would have been true to it had it been able, for though the Senate has not been a very important body hitherto, it is likely to be a less important body still in future. But facts were too strong even for the Senators, and they had nothing to do but to submit. What is it then that NAPOLEON III. would hand on to his son, supposing him to die this year? An Empire in process of being transformed, with its old strength in abeyance, and its new strength, if it has any, not yet developed. It would be a doubtful prospect even if the heir were a man; it is a very formidable prospect indeed when the heir is a child. If the next BONAPARTE were sure of an interval during which to settle himself on the throne, he might hope something from the devotion of the army to his name, and something from the compassion

of the people towards his youth. But this interval is just what he is not sure of. Already the eagles are gathering round the carcass. There is something terribly significant in what the Parisian Correspondent of the *Times* said the other day about the Irreconcilables. They are sorry that the EMPEROR's health should be failing. Their great wish is that he should not die peaceably in his bed. This is not the sentiment of men who mean to give NAPOLEON IV. a fair trial. The weakness of his throne may be so transparent that the Republicans will think it best to leave it to topple over of itself, but this will be the one chance of their forbearance vouchsafed to the next Emperor. If his position has any promise of success in it, it will have, we can hardly doubt, to be made good against armed enemies. So little is known of the actual strength of the Republican party in France, that any predictions as to the issue of such a struggle would be quite out of place. We know that of the 8,000,000 electors nearly half voted against the Government last May, and that an unascertained proportion of those who voted for it did so under a pressure which makes their votes worthless as indications of their real feelings. But as to the motives of those who voted against the Government we are quite in the dark. The Opposition included all the Irreconcilables—this much is clear—but we do not know how many it included besides. It is a point on which the best authorities were divided among themselves. Some saw in the result of the elections a distinct declaration against the Empire; others reduced it to a declaration against the late Imperial system. At this moment, and for the particular question we are considering, it does not much matter which is right. That there should be this conflict of opinion among political experts is enough of itself to give confidence to the party of action, and to render it almost a certainty that the EMPEROR's death, supposing it to occur this winter, will be the occasion of troubles in France.

It is plain enough from what quarter the enemies of the Empire will come. Where it is to look for its friends is not so easily ascertained. Under an intensely bureaucratic Government there must always be a large number of persons whose interests are on the side of the Executive. The wage-paying power will always have a strong claim on the affections of prudent men. But there are already some signs that this tie is losing its force. It is not to be supposed that all the members of the Third Party were struck at one and the same instant with a sudden sense of the beauty of freedom. Many of them had gone down to the Departments only a month or two earlier as official candidates, and we may be sure that an official candidate has always a certain stake in the continuance of the Empire. If he does not make money by it himself, he makes money by it in the person of his son or his brother. It was difficult in looking over the names appended to the Interpellation to forget the ugly proverb which chronicles the prudence of rats. There is something extremely catching in self-preservation, and if men have been found to desert the Empire while its ostensible strength was unimpaired, their numbers are not likely to decrease when the system has been discredited by revolutionary changes and weakened by the death of its founder. Nor is more reliance to be placed upon the Conservatism which has been the Empire's best support in former years. Conservatism in France is neither a principle nor a tradition; it is simply an instinct. As such, it has undoubted strength; but then, from the Imperial point of view, it has also its characteristic weakness. It justifies its title to being a providential inspiration by being always on the side of the strongest battalions. It has held stoutly by the Empire, because in the Empire it has seen safety. So soon as the Empire ceases to impress the world with its strength, it will cease to have any attraction for French Conservatives. They will be rather anxious to dissociate themselves from its falling fortunes. It has

protected them against Socialism for seventeen years, but now that its power of protecting them seems vanishing, it is time to look elsewhere for help. The army may offer a more trustworthy support for the moment, but no one can say to what extent the apparent divorce between the soldiers and the people is really genuine; and the army, even when it is most a machine, is a machine in the hands of its generals. French troops have sometimes shown an unexpected sensibility to popular impulses, and even if their professional feeling remains unimpaired, it may not lead them to support a sovereign who for some years to come can be only a cipher in the field. Is it any wonder, then, that France trembles with suppressed excitement, and that the European Exchanges watch for each telegram from Paris with an uneasy feeling that it may prove the herald of a catastrophe? While the EMPEROR lives there may be peace; but what when the EMPEROR dies?

#### REMISSION OF FENIAN SENTENCES.

THERE has been a great day for Ireland. We are informed by the newspapers that on a certain day within the last fortnight the "brave boys of Erin" and the "noble women of the Green Isle" hired a multitude of vans and omnibuses and made a grand procession, with green boughs and green ribbons, to Hampton Court. The ostensible object of the procession—after drinking "whisky and brown ale"—was to sing the praises of Erin and agitate for the liberation of the "brave martyrs" who are now cooling their patriotism within the walls of Pentonville and other gaols. The selection of the day and the place seems, at first sight, characteristically typical of Irish scorn for English prejudices and associations. Sunday was the day chosen—to show, we might suppose, the contempt of the Romanist patriots for Sabbatical observances—and the place was the favourite retreat of the great Orange Deliverer. Perhaps, however, we are, in this supposition, only following the example of those critics who are for ever too nicely refining; and it is not improbable that Sunday was chosen because it was the only great holiday in the week, and Hampton Court pitched upon for the "mighty convanience" of Bushy Park. The ordinary English mob which resorts to Hampton Court is not possessed by a pervading reverence for the Sunday, and contains very few persons who know any difference between WILLIAM III. and WILLIAM the CONQUEROR. So perhaps it may be set down as one of the usual felicities of Irish arrangements, that the favourite retreat of the Orange Conqueror should be the rendezvous of Celtic sedition-mongers and Fenian sympathizers. No journal that we have seen contains a detailed account of the meeting. We are left, therefore, in a great degree, to our own imaginations to conceive what was the tenor of the speeches delivered on the auspicious occasion. We fear that the whisky savoured more of London than of Dublin, and was more abundant than good. This would naturally give a bilious turn to the orations of the evening, and probably lead to an interchange of hostilities between the sympathizers with the "noble martyrs." We only trust that the "noble women" whom Clerkenwell and Whitechapel sent to the rescue of Ireland did not allow the Saxon alcohol to rouse a virile combativeness in their patriotic breasts, or give the opprobrious Peeler occasion for unseemly taunts. We can easily conceive how energetically the hateful domination of England was denounced, and how confidently its downfall was predicted; how exultingly the glories of the new Republic were hymned, and how loudly and rapturously the men and women sang and shouted the bliss of that expected era in which there are to be no landlords, no tenants, no parsons, no priests, and no rent; and every true son of Erin with an unpronounceable name is to have ten acres of land, and money without stint. Of course, in the estimation of these exultant patriots, the incarceration of their martyrs would be regarded only as a temporary blemish in a picture otherwise beautiful and complete. The future glory would be set against the present disgrace, and the crowning honours of a Dublin Parliament against the present discomforts of Portland and Peatonville. And as for the "noble women" with their green ribbons, the day should come to them when, emancipated from the ignoble thralldom of the mangle and the dusthole, they shall lift their delicate voices and expand their graceful figures in the "gilded saloons of the Saxon oppressor." In the meantime, however, they would memorialize—or, more strictly speaking, bully—the Crown and the Government to give, not as a boon but as a right, that liberty of which O'DONOVAN and his illustrious compeers were unjustly deprived for the trifling treasons which kept all Ireland for six months together in a state of unrest, excitement, and alarm.

It may seem ridiculous to attach importance to these meetings and these petitions, and to the repetition of them which, we are informed, is to be enacted throughout England and Ireland. But, with one signal and lamentable instance of the weakness of the Government before our eyes, we confess we are prepared to anticipate another. Never was there a more deplorable instance of imbecility than that which was displayed in the liberation of the Fenian prisoners last spring. It offended and disgusted every loyal Englishman; it insulted and humiliated every loyal Irishman. It raised a feeling of indignation against Mr. GLADSTONE which ought, we suspect, to have been more especially directed against Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE. Were it to be followed now by an amnesty to the prisoners still in gaol, it would give a shock to the Government which neither the popularity of its leader nor the excellence of any measures he may introduce could resist. It is needless to say what use the Tories and Conservatives would make of such a prostitution of the Royal clemency. It is more to the purpose to consider what Liberals would say and feel. In the first place, a general release of the Fenian conspirators would emphatically condemn the prevalent sentiment in favour of obedience to law. It would set up the domination of bluster and menace. The Liberal party, as a body, does not want and does not welcome the armed alliance of Fenian auxiliaries. It does not desire to reform our institutions by the pike, the bludgeon, and the revolver. It has no yearnings after an Irish Republic, and no veneration for the memories of the three Manchester murderers. It prefers to amend bad laws or bad institutions by the old-fashioned process of petition, debating, and Parliamentary voting. In the next place, this wholesale pardon would give a colour to the Fenian brag that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry learned the first principles of its Irish policy from the rough expostulations of Hiberno-American filibusters. As it had cringed to the menaces of traitors for a policy of concession, so it would also be accused of stooping to the bluster of their sympathizers for a policy of condonation. Such a suspicion would spread like wildfire among the Irish people, and produce the most disastrous results. "If"—they would argue—"if the Government can be bullied by an attempted Fenian rising, first, into destroying the Established Church; next, into framing a liberal Land Bill; and lastly, into the liberation of imprisoned Fenians, there is no reason why a bolder front and a more braggart attitude should not extort larger concessions. Sound the Fenian tocsin again, send to the United States for the rowdy ex-captains of the Irish Brigade, seize some small forts, capture some ammunition, burn one or two public buildings, drill in every Irish county some 500 or 600 men, attack one or two isolated police-stations, shoot one or two obnoxious magistrates, and threaten the landlords everywhere; then, when this is going on, proclaim to Europe the determination of Ireland to be independent, and you will see that GLADSTONE and BRIGHT will give in rather than risk a civil war." Those who know Irishmen know that this is exactly the deduction they would draw from the fact of a premature liberation of the political prisoners. That the deduction would be right we do not say, for it is absurd to believe that English public opinion would any more tolerate the attempt of the Irish to become a separate and independent nation than it would relish the deliverance of men whose disloyalty and sedition gave so much trouble, and caused so much apprehension. But, absurd though the inference would be, it might be no less mischievous than absurd. Its refutation would cost a conflict hardly less terrible than a civil war. The suppression of the new treason would be slower and more difficult than that of the old one, because it would not have at the outset that hearty and vigorous support from the gentry and the middle classes which materially facilitated the former efforts of the Government. Men of substance would stand aloof, and refuse a second time to expose themselves to the obloquy of defending a reckless and ungrateful Ministry. How much the whole of Ireland would suffer from the prolongation of the conflict is known to every Irishman who has invested his capital in its trade or its cultivation. That those who have much to lose would be at the mercy of those who have nothing is one of the consequences for which any statesman must be prepared who exposes Ireland to the hazard of another outbreak.

Perhaps some of our readers may recollect that at a certain Drogheda meeting an Irish priest warned the Government that if they refused to liberate the prisoners something terrible would happen. The invective of an angry agitator can hardly be accepted as a solemn and awful warning. Yet the implied threat is not wholly unworthy of attention. Among a large



class of persons in London is a large proportion of foreigners occasionally employed there during the season. It is an undoubted article of faith with them that many of the great fires which have occurred during the last two or three years were the work of Fenians or their sympathizers. We may reasonably doubt whether this is true. Probably nothing but the loud and random threats of the Fenians themselves may have stamped the rumour with credibility. But as we do unfortunately know that the origin of most of these fires has never been traced, and that the organization of Fenianism employs secret agents, it is not to be treated as an absolutely wild and preposterous fabrication. At any rate, when the spokesmen of an angry and excited faction are uttering dark threats, it is certainly the duty of the police to investigate their possible connexion with any glaring outrages on property. The Fenian organization might do a vast amount of mischief in London and other towns, and the police would only be performing a legitimate duty in making themselves acquainted with its instruments and abettors. One or two detections, followed by the severest punishment, would put a stop to these heinous offences. As for anything else that the Fenians can do we may rest contented. Public opinion in England is dead against their fantastic notions of nationality, as public opinion in America is dead against the continued ascendancy of aliens whose intolerance can only be equalled by their arrogance, and exceeded by their corruption. But neither in England nor in America has Fenianism excited such loathing and disgust as it has done in Australia. The colony of Victoria threatens to put in force its prohibitive law against the domiciliation of pardoned Fenian felons. The QUEEN's pardon is generally supposed to wash out all the taint of a criminal conviction; but, to the Australian mind, the taint of treason-felony is too deep and deadly for such purgation. That which is the Australian feeling would soon become the general English feeling, if the English people had good reason for recognising in fires and outrages the execution of the threat uttered by priestly and other sympathizers with Fenianism.

#### THE SPANISH BISHOPS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Spanish Bishops have got hold of a case against the MINISTER OF GRACE AND JUSTICE, and some of them are determined to make the most of it. If revolutionary Governments were wont to set much store by consistency, Sen. ZORILLA would be puzzled how to frame an answer to some of the episcopal letters. His ecclesiastical theories are borrowed from those of HENRY VIII., as he is presented to us in Mr. FROUDE's imaginative history. He seems to think that a transformation has been effected in the Church as well as in the State. The Archbishop of SANTIAGO says, neatly enough, "Such a decree 'would be perfectly in place if directed to Protestant bishops, 'who recognise the supremacy of the temporal power in religious matters, and consequently admit its right to order 'them to issue pastorals and to revoke licenses.' Even in the Church of England under the TUDORS the power of the State was seldom, if ever, stretched to the point to which it is carried in Sen. ZORILLA's Circular. The State interfered in the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs, and the Church submitted to, and even welcomed, its intervention, but it did not claim to use ecclesiastical machinery for purely civil purposes. Perhaps the difference may be in part explained by the fact that the TUDORS usually found themselves strong enough to put down rebellions without asking help from other people. To a Government which felt sure of its position, the clerical hostility of which Sen. ZORILLA complains would have been little more than a flea-bite. Even in the circumstances in which he finds himself, the Minister can hardly be well advised in not disguising the alarm it causes him. It is doubtless provoking, when he knows that a word from the Bishops would do all he wants, to have no means of extracting that word; but displays of irritation are rarely prudent, and it is difficult to believe that this is one of the exceptions to the rule.

The letter of the Archbishop of SANTIAGO puts the case on a very fair footing. The decree, he says, proceeds on the assumption that the relations between the State and the Church have been in all respects unchanged by the Revolution. Instead of this, the first act of the new Government was to decree a divorce between the two. The State can no longer, therefore, demand anything of the Church beyond that obedience which it exacts from all its subjects. Its function is to defend civil order by the imposition of civil penalties; with purely ecclesiastical offences, such as the non-residence of the clergy, it has no concern whatever. The punishment of priests who neglect or abandon their parishes belongs to

their spiritual superiors; and to no Government, much less to that of a State which gives the Church no protection beyond that general one which is due to all citizens, whether Catholics or Protestants or Atheists, is a Catholic prelate bound to give account of the canonical censures he may have inflicted. If a Minister can oblige a bishop to publish a pastoral, to forward a copy of it to the office of Grace and Justice, and to cancel the license of this or that priest on the mere suspicion that he is disaffected towards the Government, what becomes of the liberty of the Church? The Government could do no more with a civil functionary than put words in his mouth, and direct to whom they should be spoken. The State may insist on putting the Bishops upon this footing, but the attempt to enforce its determination will be in all respects an act of persecution, and the Archbishop does not believe that Sen. ZORILLA can seriously contemplate such a proceeding "at a time when the most ample liberty has been proclaimed for all Spaniards, and after so many precautions against the 'abuse of power have been introduced into the new Constitution." With this parting sarcasm the Cardinal commits his correspondent to the Divine keeping.

The Bishops of OSMA and JAEN give much the same answer in shorter and less courteous terms. The former declines to be either an agent of police, a spy, or an informer. A bishop, he says, is placed in the Church for purely spiritual purposes, and the powers of his office can only be lawfully exerted for spiritual ends and at the bidding of his spiritual superiors. He ought to be "detached from the struggles of rising and falling parties," and to have no concern with the political opinions of his clergy. The Bishop of JAEN declares that he is always preaching and practising obedience to the civil authorities, but that he must be allowed to judge for himself as to the time and manner in which he is to exercise his pastoral office. The Bishop of TARRAGONA is slightly more manageable, inasmuch as he professes to have already said everything that was necessary in a pastoral letter which he issued a fortnight ago, and is willing to say it over again "whenever he sees fit." Even he, however, has his fling at Sen. ZORILLA, and pleads that "being 'detached from politics,' a bishop is not 'bound to take cognizance of those who may be friends or enemies of the 'established order of things,' still less to play the melancholy and dishonourable part of a public informer. The Government has 'active and zealous civil authorities both in the 'provinces and the municipalities'—in other words, it had better get its dirty work done by its own servants.

It is far easier to abuse these letters as so many specimens of episcopal arrogance than to answer the arguments contained in them. From the Liberal point of view, the Church is nothing more than a voluntary association, governed as to its internal affairs by its own officers and its own laws. It would often be convenient to use the machinery of this association for State purposes, but if those who have the control of it will not suffer it to be thus employed, what is the State to do? In despotic Governments this inquiry presents no difficulty. The power of the State over its subjects is absolute, and whether a man be an official, or a bishop, or a railway director, he is held equally compelled to obey, or to take the consequences. Sen. ZORILLA may intend to treat the Spanish Bishops after a similar fashion, and to refuse to recognise any limit to the sphere of Ministerial authority. Political parties are not always true to their own professions, and it is probable that the unpopularity of the Spanish clergy will lead the supporters of the Government to condone the violence done to Liberal principles. But the difficulties of the Administration are not over when it has determined to punish the Bishops for defying Sen. ZORILLA's decree. If the MINISTER OF GRACE AND JUSTICE were judge in his own cause, he might make short work of his episcopal adversaries. Unluckily, the decencies of Revolution demand that the matter should be remitted to an independent tribunal, and the Government will then have to adduce the precise statute which the Bishops have broken. So many singular laws have been enacted in Spain in the course of half a century of intermittent disturbance, that it would be rash to say that there are none which cover this case; but it may be safely asserted that, if there are any such, they will be found to date from the worst times of the tyranny which has just been displaced. In dealing with the Carlists, however, the REGENT's Government did not hesitate to avail itself of any weapon which came convenient, and it may perhaps show itself equally untroubled with scruples in its relations with a clergy which would probably be Carlist if it dared. Still, with the democratic opposition so strong as it is in Spain, it is hardly safe for the Government to resort to reactionary tactics. The measure which is meted out to Carlist sympathizers to-day may be reserved for Republican

sympathizers to-morrow, and it would not be surprising if their consciousness of this fact were to inspire the Republican leaders with an unwonted sympathy for clerical suffering.

The chances are, however, that the whole question, after supplying food for talk during the present month, will be forgotten as soon as the 1st of October ushers in the meeting of the Cortes. The choice of a king will at once absorb the thoughts of the political part of the nation, and unless the REGENT and his Ministers are prepared with a candidate who will command universal acceptance, they will hardly care to incur the hostility which would be aroused by a wholesale prosecution of the episcopate. We have before remarked that an established monarchy will have attractions for the clergy which are wanting in the transitional form of government under which they at present live. The fact that no overt support of the Carlist outbreak has been rendered by any of the Bishops, nor, so far as we can learn, by any but individual priests here and there, is in itself evidence that the clergy as a body had no great faith in its triumph. There is no reason to doubt that a Government which, while treating them with justice and courtesy, could afford to be indifferent to their enmity, would soon find that their influence was mainly cast on the side of the *de facto* authorities. The Catholic Church has no superstitions about Divine Right, and no objection in the abstract to seeing one king put down and another set up. But it has an inherent dislike of anarchy, and a commendable disposition to accept accomplished facts, and to make the best of things as they are. These are not the characteristics which lead men to offer an obstinate resistance to a change of dynasty. Whether there exist at this moment in the Spanish nation the elements out of which to construct such a Government as we have described, is a question which may be answered more easily after the discussions of the present autumn.

#### THE ABYSSINIAN ESTIMATES.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Commons examined witnesses for several days, and laboured diligently to ascertain who, if anybody, was to blame for under-estimating the cost of the Abyssinian expedition. Perhaps nobody was to blame, and in a particular point of view perhaps somebody deserved praise for the result produced by Parliamentary discussion, which was that the late Government appropriated the credit of this expedition to themselves, and left to their successors the payment of the bill. Among many passages of his Parliamentary career upon which MR. DISRAELI's memory may agreeably dwell there must be few which he contemplates with more complacency than the management, by himself and his subordinates, of the questions which were raised in the House of Commons as to the actual and probable expenditure upon these operations. Reports of almost fabulous prodigality of disbursement had come from various sources to many ears of different lengths. Among other members, MR. WHITE endeavoured to disturb the calm in which the Treasury bench was slumbering. But MR. WHITE's warnings were contemptuously put aside as "rubbish"; and now that they turn out to have been well founded he may derive such consolation as he can from reminding MR. DISRAELI that "he told him 'so,'" and MR. DISRAELI will probably place MR. WHITE's reproaches in the same category with his predictions.

When attempts were made to show that the cost of this expedition would largely exceed five millions, the prophets of evil were summarily sat upon and extinguished. Yet we are now assured that nobody ever said that the cost would not exceed five millions, nor indeed did anybody say anything to which anybody else had a right to ascribe any definite meaning. The members of the late Government, and the permanent officials who assisted them in their arduous duties, were all highly honourable men, and it is not to be for one moment supposed that they or any of them had any intention except that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth should be spoken in the House of Commons. Then who was it that produced in the House a belief that the cost of the Abyssinian expedition would not be likely to exceed five millions? A Committee was appointed to investigate this question, and MR. WHITE had the melancholy satisfaction of being chosen as a member of it. It was not the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that made this representation to the House, nor was it the SECRETARY for INDIA, and still less was it any officer of his department, or of the War Office, or of the Admiralty. Probably, on some hot evening when the House supposed itself to be discussing the boundaries of boroughs, the House dreamed that it was told that the Abyssinian war would only cost five millions. The depart-

ments, to do them justice, considered as wholly anomalous and unprecedented the attempt which was made by their superiors to ascertain the cost of operations while they were still going on. The conduct of SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE was like that of a young man from the country, who desires to give a handsome supper to some gay associates whom he has met in town, and yet inquires the price of every dish and bottle of wine that is placed upon the table. To oblige the SECRETARY of STATE the officers of the Indian department did what they could, and the War Office and the Admiralty did what they could, which it need not be said was very little, towards calculating what the war would cost. The Treasury, whose business it was to give information to the House of Commons, happened, by a curious coincidence, to do nothing effectual to obtain information for itself. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER treated troublesome inquiries in the high official style. He thought it highly inconvenient for piecemeal financial statements to be elicited from himself by questions addressed to him in the House. Highly inconvenient indeed! But as the public mind had been made uneasy by exaggerated statements as to the expenditure going on in Abyssinia, he would answer the question put to him, protesting that his compliance should not be drawn into a precedent. This was on the 16th of March of last year, when, as we now know, no current statement as to this expenditure was or possibly could be exaggerated. The wildest fictions did not exceed or even equal the strangeness of the truth. The substance of MR. WARD HUNT's answer was that he believed that the whole expenditure up to the time at which he was speaking would be covered by the sum of 3,500,000*l.* The time, he it observed, was the 16th of March, when SIR ROBERT NAPIER was on his march to Magdala, and by far the greater part of the whole cost of the expedition had become inevitable. We know that, if a man tells us that his expenditure up to the day on which he speaks is so much, he may or may not include the amount of bills which he has incurred, but has not paid. If, however, the expenditure was being made on our account, and we wished for the proper ordering of our pecuniary affairs to know how much we should be called upon to repay, we should certainly expect liabilities as well as actual payments to be brought into account. Now if the national business were done as well as the business of an individual—which it never is—it would have been the duty of MR. WARD HUNT at least to endeavour to inform himself of the amount, not only of payments made, but of liabilities incurred on account of the Abyssinian expedition up to the time at which he undertook to speak. The statement which he made could only have been true as regarded actual payments at that date, and therefore, although it may have been the truth, it was not the whole truth. A paper had been prepared on the 11th of October, 1867, and existed in the India Office, which estimated the expenditure incurred up to the end of the year 1867 at 2,000,000*l.*, and the expenditure from the beginning of 1868 until the expedition should be finished at 600,000*l.* per month. It might be asked what the authors of this estimate meant by finishing the expedition. If we suppose that they meant the discharge at Bombay of the last transport bringing back troops or stores, we shall obtain a date which brings this estimate within a million of the total expenditure of the war. But more properly perhaps the expedition would be finished when the last British soldier quitted Abyssinia, and, thus limited, the estimate would be three millions below the mark. But surely nobody who knew anything of war would suppose that expenditure would cease as soon as the troops were embarked, and there were people in the India Office who did know something of war, at least as carried on in India and adjacent countries.

The ambiguity, if there were any, might easily have been removed, but it was more convenient that it should remain. The gentlemen of business habits who laboured upon this Committee would have got at the truth in half an hour if they could have been brought into contact with the officials who prepared the estimate. But the SECRETARY of STATE and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER were conveniently interposed as a sort of buffer or non-conducting medium. MR. WARD HUNT may boast, if he is so disposed, that the House of Commons got no truth out of him, or rather that they got half the truth, and were left under the belief that it was the whole. He delivered his Budget speech on April 23, when the public mind had been made still more uneasy by statements which appeared incredible as to the expenditure going on in Abyssinia; and on that occasion MR. WARD HUNT admitted that the public was entitled to have its mind made easy by any information to which he had



access. He proposed to lay on the table the estimate that had been prepared at the India Office, showing an expenditure of 600,000*l.* a month. "We expect," he said, "that the expedition will last until the end of May, and that five months will have to be paid for at the rate named." Now this, be it observed, was a Budget speech, in which the speaker charged himself to inform the country truly of its financial position. We do not, therefore, do injustice when we describe it as a representation that the total cost of the Abyssinian expedition would not much exceed 5,000,000*l.* We now know that the total cost of that expedition is 8,600,000*l.*, and we ask by what mental process could Mr. WARD HUNT have arrived at a belief in the truth of that representation? There is a process which is sometimes described, by shareholders in public companies who happen to possess unrefined minds and vigorous tongues, as "cooking accounts." It is not suggested that any such process was applied to the accounts of the Abyssinian expedition. The gentlemen of the India Office who did us the favour to spend our money protest that the expenditure, and *à fortiori* the taking an account of it, was a matter wholly extraneous to their proper duties. They undertook this matter, so far as we can discover, solely from the consideration that the War Office was incompetent to carry on a war. Yet they had, and could have given, a tolerably correct opinion as to the pecuniary upshot of the energetic expenditure which they had organized. But it seems that in high offices knowledge is as inconvenient as zeal. Mr. WARD HUNT conveniently failed to understand the persons who were competent to instruct him; and thus the nation was led into a fool's paradise of believing that the great and glorious success of the Abyssinian expedition had been purchased for about 5,000,000*l.*, and when some hint of the truth was offered it was thrown aside as "rubbish."

#### TRADE-UNIONISM IN AMERICA.

MANY and serious lessons may be learned from the very grotesque proceedings of the "National Labour Congress" lately in vigorous session in Philadelphia; and Mr. BRIGHT may, if he pleases, revise his assertion of some years standing, that Trade-Unionism was non-existing in fact, and impossible in theory, in presence of the free institutions of the United States. Trade-Unionism was, according to Mr. BRIGHT, if an evil at all, a necessary, or at least unavoidable, corrective of the corrupted social conditions of this country. The tyranny of our oligarchs of capital compelled the combination of the oppressed and unrepresented British serfs, who had but the poor resources of thwos and skill wherewith to oppose their oppressors. In America, on the other hand, the capitalists of labour were on equal terms with the capitalists of money. All their trade difficulties settled themselves; American operatives, being in full possession of the political franchises denied to their brethren in this old benighted country, were free from the necessity, perhaps a painful one, of reverting in the last resort to the practical arguments employed by Mr. BROADHEAD. Mr. BRIGHT began to be disillusionized, perhaps, by some of the evidence given before a recent Commission, which proved that certain important and profitable iron works in America had to be abandoned in presence of a strong and tyrannous American Trade-Unionism. And perhaps he will have to revise his view of the American labour-market if he looks at Monday's *Times*. We own to a very hazy appreciation of the evils against which labour is protesting in Philadelphia. The operative, as far as we can make out, is grievously suffering under a metaphor, and is protesting to high heaven against the tyranny of a figure of speech. The special grievance is "the now exhausted vampire of the East" and the Atlantic; but as we are not acquainted with the habits of that ornithological monster, we can hardly appreciate the force of the sorrows of the 1,063 trade societies of America, representing 168,571 working-men. It must be a terrible fowl, or ghoul, indeed, which, now that it is exhausted, strikes such terror into the hearts of our bold cousins. Besides suffering under the exhausted vampire, the American labouring men are sorely exercised by "two echoes in the gulf which divides us." Who the "us" are—whether Europe and America, or American labour and American capital, the elliptical report in the *Times*, or perhaps the inarticulate moaning of the Chained PROMETHEUS—we cannot quite make out. But the echoes must be acoustic curiosities, the one pronouncing in favour of honourable payment—we presume of the national obligations—the other announcing repudiation. This latter echo seems to be in most favour with the Executive Committee, who pledge themselves "to move in a solid phalanx against those op-

pressors who have made the Government their tool, and "which obeys their nod and beck as a spaniel obeys his master."

We cannot say that we find this text to be very intelligible; but the scholiast is even more Lycophrone. The burden of Philadelphia is "Woe, woe, woe"; but what the woe is, the President, in his Annual Report which affects to explain the address of the Committee, announces, if at all, in still less articulate language. "The evils which the organization 'started out to reform are aggravated,' these evils being summarily described as "moneyed and landed aristocracy," Coolie importation, and the competition of John Chinaman with that monopoly of employment which ought to be reserved for the present generation of those who choose to call themselves skilled workmen. The only practical legislation which the President recommends seems to be to prohibit any workman doing more than eight hours' work in the day; and to extort this legislation the Unionists, as they wittily phrase it, propose "to capture Washington, not with bullets, but ballots."

Were it of any use, which it is not, to meet this wild howl with sober reason, it is obvious to remark that Unionism like this is not very likely to encourage manufactures, and that the value of labour is somehow connected with the demand for manufactures, and that if manufactured goods can only be produced at an extravagant price they will be unsaleable. If in the way of principle, as the American Unionists seem to argue, a minimum stint of labour is necessary to enhance the value of labour, the cost of production must be altogether disregarded by the producers. If eight hours, why not seven hours, why not six? Or do these Unionists really think that capital is some inexhaustible fund, which can and ought to be constantly bled, and never to feel the exhaustion; or do they go further and believe that capital is incapable of exhaustion, and that, like amianthus, it will constantly burn and never be burned out; that there always must be a great bank, which they call the moneyed aristocracy, which must always meet all drafts upon it and still keep its coffers full; and that capital is the natural enemy of labour, which is only to exist for the purpose of being perpetually raided, and remaining none the worse for it? This view can hardly be considered so very irrational when one of the delegates succeeded in enforcing his admission to the Congress because he represented the doctrine that "when any employer refused to make an advance in wages, or to reduce the hours of labour, the State should employ such injured workman on his own terms." Had this delegate informed us where the State was to get the money for this purpose of subsidizing ruinous production, he might have made a curious contribution to political economy.

Beginning, however, in theoretical nonsense, the Congress certainly employed its working hours in very practical nonsense. *Dux femina facti*. Miss SUSAN ANTHONY has had all the interest of the Congress centred on herself, and we should recommend some amiable enthusiasts among ourselves to watch what becomes of business when women are admitted to business meetings. There is no doubt of it, that the mere fact of such a Congress meeting at all is a very considerable matter. It is a matter of high social importance to know what are the feelings of such an imposing array of Trade Societies as those recently represented in Philadelphia. Even if, as we think, their opinions and judgments are painfully though comically wrong, it is important to know what they think, or rather what they think they think. We should have liked to hear them say out their say on the important subjects which they met to discuss, undisturbed by the presence and claims of Miss SUSAN ANTHONY. For three days the Congress seems to have done nothing but engage in a free fight for and against this lady. Like another comet she seems to have raged wildly in the elemental war which her presence evoked. The sum and substance of Miss SUSAN's offence was that she was inconsistent; that while she advocated free rights of every sort, in practice as a printer she paid the lowest wages that she could, employed what we should call knobsticks, and what Americans called rats; and, moreover, that during a certain printers' strike Miss SUSAN had actually constituted herself the agent of the non-strikers, and canvassed among all the tyrant capitalists in the interest of the sordid wretches who preferred their duty to their families to their duty to the Trade-Union. Reduced to its first elements, we must say that the objection to Miss ANTHONY's delegateship resolves itself into the fact that she was a woman. From the nature of the case, a woman must, and always does, advocate one thing and do another. The Congress was equal to the occasion, and met the lady's tactics in quite a feminine and

therefore inconsistent way. First, they admitted her to the honours of the session, declining to accredit her credentials, but Miss SUSAN was of course one too many for them. The power behind the throne soon usurped the throne, and the lady admitted to the honours of the session soon showed that she meant to have the session entirely to herself. And she fully deserved her success by her triumphant demolition of Delegate WALSH. "Women," remarked old-fashioned WALSH, with a faint suspicion of having read St. PAUL, "ought to be married"—hinting perhaps what the apostle, in his coarse way, went on to say, "bear children, guide the house," &c.; which Miss SUSAN modestly assented to. This was precisely what she wanted, "but unfortunately you men do not your duty; you do not marry us." As there could be but one answer to Miss SUSAN's retort, and as we regret to say, for the credit of the sex, Mr. WALSH did not do his duty then and there, it is needless to say that Miss ANTHONY was admitted a delegate after a very hard fight, and on a narrow vote. We are sorry further to observe that Miss ANTHONY was, upon a revised vote, and after a good deal of secret caucussing, ejected from the membership which she had so triumphantly, and with so much wit and modesty, secured. The telegraph wires were set in full action; and it is painful to have to record that the printers' Unions spoke of Miss ANTHONY in terms which were considered disrespectful when applied to the equator, and said something rude about "humbugs," and the result was very discreditable to the gallantry of the Unionists. The vote of 58 against 55, which had admitted Miss SUSAN, was replaced by what we find described as a good square vote against her of 63 to 28. As far as we can make out, the whole thing from August 16 to August 20 consisted of a constant exchange of amenities in which "Question, question," "the lie," stand out the only landmarks in an unintelligible hubbub of incoherent wrangle and meaningless, perverse squabbling about nothing—always excepting Miss SUSAN. The result was, as in a fine vernacular metaphor she remarked, that although the men had got the inside track, female equality was not to be disposed of in this way. And she vindicated female equality by a very decided success in attaining female superiority, and retained her seat, and her speech too, by sitting *in terrorem* of the whole Congress, which, as far as we can make out, ended by a formal vote in favour of repudiation, not excluding the National Debt.

#### THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN IRELAND.

IT is extremely easy to meet Cardinal CULLEN and the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops with the commonplaces of educational liberalism, and if all Irishmen were Mr. FAWCETT there might be something gained by doing so. As nature has not been thus bountiful to the sister kingdom, some other considerations have to be attended to. In the first place, Ireland has to be governed as well as written about, and, so far as at present appears, there are only three ways of governing it. One is to take the Fenians into counsel, and let them try what they can make of an independent republic. To this expedient there are certain objections which we may perhaps be excused from estimating in detail. The second plan is to govern through the landlords. This is the system which has been tried for the last 170 years, and the success which has attended it has not been great enough to make it desirable to continue the experiment. Indeed, if any such intention had been entertained, the disestablishment of the Irish Church would have been a fatal mistake. No better engine was ever devised for the peculiar work it had to do. The third way is to bear in mind that Ireland is a Roman Catholic country, and to legislate, so far as we can do so without injustice to other creeds or injury to the public, on the assumption that it is such. If this is the plan adopted, the opinion of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops on a question which touches them so nearly as that of education cannot be put aside with contempt. It may be impossible for us to concur in it, it may even be incumbent on us to resist its being given effect, but it is not a subject to be disposed of in a jaunty leading article such as that which appeared in the *Times* of this day week. The true method of dealing with it is to examine it as carefully as we can, with the view of discovering whether the difference between us and them is really as great as it seems, or whether there may not be some common points between us which suggest an opening for a possible adjustment. Any other mode of dealing with the Bishops is particularly out of place in the case of Englishmen. In this country the Government has been trying for years to introduce a con-

science clause into Church of England schools. After a long fight it has in part succeeded, but only at the cost of alienating large numbers of the clergy, and of seeing many schools withdrawn from Government inspection. And yet to enforce a conscience clause on the managers of Church schools is to stop very far short of what the National system does in Ireland. The presence of a single Protestant child in a National School is regarded as sufficient reason for excluding not merely the teaching of religion, but all reference to it whatever. Under a conscience clause, so long as the clergyman is willing to allow the children of Dissenters to absent themselves from the formal lesson in the Bible or the Catechism, the conduct and arrangement of the school in other respects are absolutely in his hands. But in Ireland, under similar circumstances, the gestures and pictures which are as natural in a Roman Catholic school-room as the texts of Scripture on the walls are in a Protestant school, are all forbidden. The object aimed at is not merely to secure to Protestant children the secular advantages of a Roman Catholic school, but to deprive a school resorted to by Protestant children of any distinctive Roman Catholic character. We do not say this as enemies of the Irish national system. It may be, and on the whole we believe it is, the best attainable system for Ireland. But, in passing a fair judgment on the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, it must be remembered that in accepting that system they would have to make concessions far greater than have ever been demanded of the clergy of the Church of England, and such as to all appearance the latter would reject, if demanded, with at least equal contumely.

The University question raises the same difficulty in another form. In England the Church, and the ecclesiastical element in the Universities, are making a fight identical in all its main features with that of which the Roman Catholic University is the centre in Ireland. Shall denominational education be preserved in the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge? is the question which, when submitted to the House of Lords last Session, was rejected by them as unworthy even of discussion. The demand of the Irish Roman Catholics does not go so far as that of the University Conservatives over here. The Bishops do not insist that the endowments now devoted to Anglican education, or at all events withheld from Roman Catholic institutions, shall be handed over to the religion of the majority. They propose to divide University endowments proportionately among denominational colleges, either existing or to be created, and to make the University itself a mixed institution, examining students from colleges of various religions, and having these same religions fairly represented in the governing body. It is not necessary for our present purpose to express any opinion as to the merits or demerits of such a scheme. The one point that calls for notice is the identity of the Irish demand with something very far short of what is at present enjoyed by the Church of England. It is quite open to Liberals to denounce denominational education in all its forms, but it is idle to suppose that an intensely denominational people such as the Irish will put up with the denial of privileges which are conceded to denominationalism in England. If, as is not unlikely, the Conservatives in this country sacrifice their principles to their feelings, and denounce denominationalism in Ireland, because it would chiefly benefit Roman Catholicism, while they fight tooth and nail for it in England, where it chiefly benefits the Anglican Church, the consequent irritation will be so much the greater. Educational Liberalism may protest that Ireland is the gainer by the difference, that Irishmen actually possess what Englishmen have still to struggle for; but this glowing picture will not dispose of the fact that a system which is maintained in England, where the vast majority of the population is Protestant, is denied to Ireland, where the vast majority of the population is Roman Catholic. Contrasts of this kind admit of being presented in the bright colours and deep shadows which best catch the popular eye, and, disguise it as we may, they immensely increase the difficulty of meeting the episcopal demand with a point-blank refusal.

As regards Cardinal CULLEN's Pastoral, it is certainly difficult to find that common ground of which we are in search. His denunciations of mixed education have a laboured air about them which suggests the idea that his estimate of the evils resulting from it is based rather on theory than on fact. Still it is to be noticed that he studiously confines himself to the Model schools, of which there are, we believe, some half-dozen or so in Ireland, and leaves altogether unnoticed the great bulk of the schools affiliated to the National Board. The distinction, broadly stated, between the two classes of schools is this. In the Model schools the Government is the patron,



while the exclusion of religion is absolute and without regard to circumstances. In the ordinary schools the patron is, in many parts of Ireland, the parish priest, and the exclusion of religion does not take effect except in the rare event of there being Protestant children in the school. Thus there is an elasticity about the ordinary National Schools which is wholly wanting in the Model schools. The system pursued in the former approximates somewhat to the conscience clause among ourselves. In the resolutions put forth by the Bishops there is more in which we can sympathize. When, for example, they "demand for Irish Catholics Catholic education," since "it alone can be in keeping with the feelings and requirements of the vast majority of the nation," we so far agree with them that we cannot erect the absence of denominationalism into an abstract principle. We do not deny that under certain circumstances it may be expedient for the State to set up secular schools under its own immediate control. But then we are equally far from denying that, under other circumstances, it may be expedient to subsidize denominational schools. We know of nothing in undenominationalism to account for the fanatical enthusiasm which it evokes in some minds. It may be a necessity where children of different creeds have to be educated together, and in that case there is nothing to forbid its being accepted with philosophical composure; but that is a quite different thing from insisting upon undenominational teaching where the children are all of one creed, or where there are enough of them to support a good school attached to each communion. Doctrinaire educationalists like Mr. FAWCETT make no difference between the cases. Their cast-iron rigidity may be extremely admirable, but we confess that it does not come home to us. Again, in what the Bishops say about University education there is much which is extremely fair. Though they insist on the clear right of the Catholic people of Ireland to the possession of a Catholic University, they do not make the recognition of this right an indispensable condition to the settlement of the question. They are willing to accept a national University for examining candidates and conferring degrees, on the understanding that there shall be a distinct Catholic College affiliated thereto, that University honours and emoluments shall be accessible to Catholics and Protestants alike, and that in order to guarantee the University arrangements against anti-Catholic influences, the Catholic element shall be adequately represented in the Senate. There is certainly nothing visibly unreasonable in these stipulations. They are compatible with more than one of the schemes which have been suggested for the reconstruction of Trinity College, and they are certainly far more liberal than the system now in operation at Oxford and Cambridge. Supposing the University of Dublin, or the Queen's University, reorganized on the plan suggested by the Bishops, University degrees and University prizes would be open to all comers, while the details of the University examinations would be settled by a Board appointed by a Senate in which all religions were fairly represented. It is the fashion to say that to sanction such a state of things as this would be to make the State the bond slave of the Church. If so, we can only say that the State must be in a far worse plight in England than we have been accustomed to think. Even if the Irish Bishops get their own terms, educational theorists in this country might still sigh for liberty as in Ireland.

#### EMIGRATION.

**E**MIGRATION is not altogether a popular subject; migration is. If we look down on the world, and are equally indifferent to Trojans and Tyrians, it is very curious to watch the slow changings of masses of men—waves which were solitary and fruitless one half-century dotted with men and yellow with corn in the next. But when we call this process emigration—when we look at it, not as philosophers, but as Englishmen—though the subject is the same, it acquires a new and rather painful interest. It places in sharp contrast the difference between the interests of a nation and the interests of the individual men who in one sense compose the nation—at least who represent it in their generation. No one, not even the most amiable lunatic, can deny the possibility of a time coming when England may more than anything want men, when mere arms and legs will be more valuable in some sharp crisis of resistance than any amount of hoarded gold; and it is the existence of such chances that makes the departure of a man from our shores a possible though not a certain loss. But if we look only at the interests of the man himself it is difficult to have any misgivings. He leaves

a land overcrowded, and where mere muscle is a drug in the labour market; he can go to some country where the population is scarce, and where mere manual labour reaps a rich reward. He leaves a country taxed severely to pay old debts; he can select new colonies that have little or no debt. To be sure he loses thus many associations which are prized by thinking men. He ceases to be an Englishman; our history is not his, our politics touch him little, if at all; for even if he betakes himself to a British colony it matters little whether the polite refusals of the Mother-country to interfere in his affairs are signed "BUCKINGHAM" or "GRANVILLE." As, then, emigration is open to all, and there is room for all of us across the seas, we arrive apparently at the odd conclusion that the interests of England are not inseparable from the interests of Englishmen, and that we could all avoid debt, taxes, primogeniture, a bloated aristocracy, a House of Lords, a State Church, London smoke, fogs, street accidents, even halfpenny papers, by an emigration *en masse*. None of our creditors could sue out a writ *ne exeat regno*, and we could revive, say in the Valley of the Mississippi or the Territory of Utah, a New England without a history, a ruin, an Archbishop of Canterbury, or a national debt. Of course there would be some "natural tears," but possibly out of the millions many would "wipe them soon."

Lest this prospect of a nation dissolving itself should alarm any old lady holding Consols, we hasten to announce that emigration from the United Kingdom has decreased and is decreasing. About two hundred thousand of the QUEEN'S subjects left us in 1863; sixty thousand less was the number last year, and this of course out of an increasing population. The Emigration Commission Report just issued further informs us that the main falling off is in the Irish emigration. The Irish emigrants of 1863 numbered a little over 116,000; they were not 65,000 last year. The English and Scotch emigrations remain about the same; the first has averaged annually about 58,000, the second about 13,000, during the last six years. Some of the other statistics supplied in the Report are deficient for want of proper classification. For instance in one page it is stated that the total emigration from Ireland is 36,174; but, as we see from the previous page, this is obtained by merely adding together the emigrants who took ship from Cork, Dublin, and Londonderry. But we all know that an immense proportion of the 129,369 persons who left Liverpool must have been Irish, as that is their favourite port of embarkation. Surely the agents of the Commissioners must have discovered the nationalities of the emigrants, as indeed the setting down of 64,965 as the total Irish emigration in the first page abundantly indicates; yet when we turn to Appendix 3, to find the countries selected by the emigrants from Ireland, we find that there are only 36,174 Irish set down as distributed over the known quarters of the globe. In what regions do the remainder hide? The solution of the puzzle is, we presume, that the Irish who left Liverpool are not classified in the appendix according to their final destination, and thus we lose a fair general view of the preferences of each nationality. It is, however, sufficient to point out that, of the 36,174 Irish actually classified, 33,581 sought the United States. The tables giving the occupations of the emigrants are not very remarkable. Out of a total amounting to about 200,000 more than a quarter are set down as general labourers; farmers are 7,258; "gentlemen, professional men, &c." about the same. That in proportion to their numbers so many of the better classes emigrate is a proof of the fact that voluntary unorganized emigration from this country is not in accordance with individual needs here or social demands elsewhere, but in accordance with the means and intelligence of the intending emigrants. It takes less time to teach a "gentleman" where he can find his best chance; and when he knows, he can, by hook or crook, through relations or friends, raise the money for the start.

Beyond the facts and figures given here it is curious to contrast the differences between English and Irish emigration. If we take Irish emigration we find the sexes nearly balanced; but the Englishwomen who emigrated were only 54,935 to 92,664 men. Judging by the old characteristics of the two nations, men would have said sixty or seventy years ago, before the great currents of change set in, that the Englishman was much more likely to leave his country than the Irish Celt. "The Celt," it might have been written, "is blindly attached to the soil, to his family and friends, to old traditions and old ways. He fears the sea, he dreads novelty. Tender ties of creed and race bind him to old Ireland, and he is always ready to prefer such sentimental interests to the practical question where he can get the highest wages." On the other hand, our supposed prophet would add, "The

"Englishman is practical; he comes of a migratory stock; he despises mere sentiment; he is not tender-hearted; he does not cling passionately to his second cousins once removed; he loves the sea, and has no fear of novelty. If ever a great westward wave of emigration sets in, the English element will be the biggest in it." Facts have turned out the other way. And yet the supposed prediction would have been intrinsically reasonable. Strangely enough it is the strong family feeling of the Celts that has caused the break-up of so many homes. A young Irishman leaves for America kissed and wept over by the men as well as the women of his hearth. Acquiring comparative riches abroad, he remembers his kinsfolk, and remits money that they may rejoin him; so that every "secession" from Ireland has, after the first few years, in one way or another, contributed to a "reconstruction" in the new land. As all the family could not remain together in Ireland, they all strove and pinched and saved and remitted that they might gather together in the United States. Thus the clan feeling—the family feeling—has been stronger than the mere love of Irish soil; and the very motives that originally hindered emigration gave it—when the famine had once forced on a great exodus—a tremendous after-impetus. In the year 1852 the emigration from this country—then mainly from Ireland—reached its greatest height; it was over a thousand a day. In 1852 Ireland was recovering from the famine, and the home distress was not severe. But for the five years previously there had been a steady Irish emigration, and in these five years the Irish abroad had saved enough money to make their remittances enormous. This swelled the emigration that year to an amount which it never reached before, and has never attained since. Another point about the distribution of the Irish emigrants to America is curious enough. They do not, like many of the Germans, Danes, Swedes, and Italians, form little inland colonies in the States, comprising men of all trades; they mainly cling on to the skirts of the great cities, herding in quarters as dirty as their old hovels, but tenfold more unwholesome, because more closely packed. There is no Irish city in the United States—no city where the leading men are Irish. New York is overrun with Irish, and its democratic municipality is almost wholly theirs; but the merchants, the professional men, the shopkeepers, are not Irish. As regards the Irish quarters in New York, it is surely the most melancholy thing in the world that on the eastern edge of a very wide and sparsely-peopled continent, with millions of acres of arable and unoccupied land, with a thousand millions of "eligible sites," there should be packed together, in a closeness and foulness unsurpassed, it is said, in the oldest and dirtiest European towns, a colony of unreclaimed Irishmen. A short Building Act of the State Congress, laying down some simple rules regulating the laying out of streets and the erection of houses, would, if passed, say twenty or thirty years ago, have entirely avoided this foul disgrace. But many American institutions take for their basis the individual right of every individual man "to do as he dam pleases" about building foul houses or living in them; and in this they have only copied what must, we suppose, be a fundamental part of the British Constitution, for it is the only principle never furiously assailed in the public press. That the State has as good a right to pull down foul dwellings as to expel a noisome factory or a graveyard from within city walls, is an idea that has dawned on some minds here, and has even been timidly embodied in a permissive Act of Parliament; but if anybody attempted to carry it out, we should soon hear that the poor man's house, however disgusting, was his castle, and must not be attacked by the minions of centralized power.

To return to emigration. It is obvious to every one that the people who leave England are not, as a rule, of the Irish type. Family feeling is strong in England—who can deny it? but it is strongest in mothers and in fathers with young children. Beyond these it is sometimes very weak—astonishingly weak if we contrast it with the feeling displayed by a Frenchman or an Irishman towards his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In the upper English classes family ties are kept up, because with them hospitality and locomotion are easy, and also because rich uncles and rich aunts and rich cousins keep up the good old custom of remembering their favourite relations in their wills. But when we descend in the social scale amongst people who have to look twice at a sovereign before spending it, it is surprising with what a small amount of family life beyond his own four walls a man can manage to get on. A pushing young fellow marries; he has soon several children; he works hard; but he lives on wonderfully content with hearing little or nothing of his own older relations. If you question him you will find that he has a mother in Liverpool; he sometimes

hears from the old lady—not often; he believes she is pretty well. His brother Tom is in Rio de Janeiro, he thinks—at least he was there two years ago when last he heard. His uncle NED lives down Camberwell way, but both are very busy and have other things to do besides going to see each other. Thus the old family ties are gradually dropped, and the new family becomes all in all. Hence an English emigrant leaves the old country with few pangs, and seldom thinks of surrounding himself abroad with his sisters, brothers, or old chums. He is too self-contained and self-reliant for that. He forgets the old home—the old ties—and isolates himself in a new home. Thus we are not likely to see the immense Irish family emigration wave of the few years from 1847 to 1854 reproduced here; men will push out alone and stay out alone. Something, no doubt, may finally be done through organization. The classes that have initiated and worked the Odd Fellows', Foresters', and Trade-Union organizations are quite capable of setting on foot a national emigration in family, trade, or local groups. The thing has been talked of, but has never taken hold of the popular fancy. If it ever should do so, we shall see a monster emigration, compared with which the past Irish exodus will seem very small.

#### THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS.

THE chivalry of the United Kingdom has received a distinguished addition. HER MAJESTY has been pleased to direct Letters Patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Knight of the United Kingdom to WILLIAM RICHARD DRAKE, of Otlands Lodge, in the county of Surrey, Esq. Nothing could be more gratifying to a branch of the legal profession on which titles seldom descend. Mr. W. R. DRAKE is a solicitor, and solicitors are seldom knighted, as for other reasons so perhaps because the Judges, often including the Chief Justices, as at this moment, never attain higher civil honours. But there is no reason in the nature of things why a highly respectable solicitor should not be knighted. It was in the City considered a breach of social or civic etiquette when two Aldermen who had been Lord Mayors recently accepted a mere knighthood. But if anybody likes to be knighted, considering who often are knighted, we may perhaps admire the taste of those who receive, yet we should scarcely question the discretion of those who bestow, this somewhat doubtful honour. As we have said, we rather like the notion of a solicitor winning spurs; and Mr. DRAKE is as good a solicitor, for aught we know, as any other Gentleman one &c. on the Law List. To say the truth, we never heard of Mr. DRAKE, or of the respectable firm of BIRCH, DALRYMPLE, DRAKE, and Co., of which the new Knight is the junior partner. That is to say, we were not bound to know his merits. We are told that "Mr. DRAKE has done great services to the Liberal party." Though of the Liberal party ourselves, we do not profess to be initiated in, or familiar with, the secrets of that party. Perhaps we are not worthy to know them; so much the better for us. We therefore look at Sir W. R. DRAKE and the Liberal party, and the services rendered to them by Sir WILLIAM, or by anybody else, very much *ab extra*. We can only wonder what those services are. As a public man Mr. DRAKE was perfectly unknown to us, and we believe to the outside world. Orator, publicist, statistician, drafter of bills, collector of social facts, skilled in foreign or domestic policy, Mr. DRAKE may be, and we dare say is. But this fame of his has not reached us. Mr. DRAKE may have served his country; but his country, in this case as in other cases, knows not of its hidden heroes, its secret benefactors. The authorized journals tell us that "it is understood that this honour has been conferred at the instance of Mr. GLADSTONE as a personal recognition of the services rendered to the Liberal party by Mr. DRAKE during the several years of close and confidential relations which have existed between him and its recognised representatives."

Here we recognise not only "Mr. GLADSTONE's instance," whatever that may be, but the grand Gladstonian style in all its sonorous superabundance of sesquipedalian words—to take a feather from Mr. GLADSTONE's wing. And we recognise something else—Mr. GLADSTONE's earnest outspokenness. We dare say that the Liberal party does owe a great deal to Mr. DRAKE. The Liberal party owed a great deal to Mr. COPPOCK. Not that we have the least reason to suppose that Mr. DRAKE is in any special sense a successor to Mr. COPPOCK; only, if there is a difference, it might be well to have it explained. Every party owes a great deal to its confidential agents. There must be a good deal of party work done by active partisans,



which work requires special instruments. Those instruments must be peculiar; the work to be done is, as they say, delicate and difficult, and to do it requires peculiar qualities. Sometimes the work approaches the confines of the shabby; sometimes, it is thought, of the dirty. As far as we have heard, this sort of work is commonly supposed to mean electioneering work, which is not always clean work; it means also dealing with doubtful allies, staving off unpleasant contingencies, coaxing and manipulating and arranging and so on. Services rendered to a great political party are often confused in popular estimation with the Man in the Moon and that sort of thing. In Sir W. R. DRAKE's case any such association or confusion of ideas would be very unjust, we make no doubt. But still the popular opinion remains; and in its teeth it reflects great credit on Mr. GLADSTONE's hatred of reticence, and of course on his discretion, not only that he gets a confidential agent and servant of his party knighted, but at once says why he is knighted.

That Mr. DRAKE deserves his honours, though not perhaps so much as the first knightly DRAKE, we make no doubt. But it is awkward that the QUEEN's name should be introduced into the matter. The QUEEN is the fountain of honour, and from the QUEEN that honour flows into the channel which the present DRAKE, Knt., adorns. But then it comes to this, that services rendered to the Liberal party include private services, and from the nature of the case, secret services are not to be considered equivalent to services rendered to the Crown and State and public weal. This is not the right use to make of the Sovereign's prerogative of conferring titles. By theory every title is conferred for services rendered either to the great body politic or to the Crown personally. COSTA is knighted because he is supposed to have done service to the whole people, Whig and Tory alike, i.e. he is knighted in recognition of his public services. A provincial mayor is knighted because he has exhibited great diligence and circumspection in the discharge of public and official duties. A valuable servant or physician of the Court is knighted or baronetted for services rendered to the Sovereign personally. Into none of these categories can we force Sir W. R. DRAKE. And as he at present forms the only precedent for his own special honours, we are obliged to Mr. GLADSTONE for announcing his qualifications. The announcement is well fitted to encourage the activity of a class which we had begun to think was quite active enough. We can only regret that Mr. GLADSTONE has not instructed his organs to obviate possible misconstruction by explaining more precisely the nature of those "services rendered to the Liberal party" which have been deemed worthy of this very exceptional, and perhaps exceptional, recognition.

#### THE BYRON CASE.

VERY little of the least value is to be extracted from the seething caldron of excited, but aimless, talk which has overflowed the columns of all the newspapers on the Byron mystery during the past week. The case stands as nearly as possible where it stood, and there moreover it is perhaps likely to stand for ever. Lord Lindsay's important letter is the single new contribution to the facts of the case, and embodies authentic information on Byron's married life and his general character, taken from Lady Anne Barnard's contemporaneous memoir. On this letter we propose to comment at some length. Everything else which has been said, being either a mere repetition of the same arguments, or wholly irrelevant, may be summarily dismissed. Those who, like ourselves, have, with whatever reluctance, been driven to the conclusion that on the whole the charge made against Lord Byron is likely to be true, because the moral probabilities against its truth seem to be outweighed by the probabilities, however disagreeable, for its truth, can treat with contemptuous indifference the tedious iteration of the paralogism that Lord Byron could not have committed a certain crime because he wrote very fine poems. And yet the majority of the writers in the newspapers harp upon no other string. For ourselves, we shall not enter into controversy with fervid undergraduates who in the middle of the Long Vacation date from Trinity College, Oxford, nor with the impertinent and utterly untrue suggestion of another newspaper correspondent, that the writer on Byron's Life in *Temple Bar* and the writer in the *Saturday Review* are one and the same; but we content ourselves with reviewing the case as it stands at the moment. We may premise that we have at least a right to demand that Lord Byron's apologists should take a definite, precise, logical ground, and stick to it. What they do is to play at fast and loose with the case, and ask us to accept with equal implicitness vindications wholly irreconcilable. One writer, for example, says that the charge of incest was invented by Mrs. Stowe in 1869; another that it was rife in 1817, and was met by Lord Byron at the time in one of his poems. On the other hand, a Colonel Massey comes forward with a wonderful tale that Byron told him of an adulterous

intrigue carried on during his honeymoon, of which he made his sister the screen, and which was perfectly well known to Lady Byron; while another writer quotes Byron's own repeated assurances that from first to last he never could divine the reason why his wife deserted him.

First, we are thankful to record the unanimous and most severe condemnation which has been passed, both here and in America, on Mrs. Stowe's conduct. This condemnation has been passed with entire independence; and the American journals protested against the article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, when it was first printed, with the same vehemence of censure which was with one voice raised in England on its appearance in *Macmillan's Magazine* in September. Here at any rate we, and those literary organs which most strongly dissent from our views on the charge of incest, are entirely at one. Mrs. Stowe has been guilty of a scandalous breach of faith as regards Lady Byron, and of extremely bad taste. She has been, we fear, actuated in making her revelation by motives which we had rather not characterize, and she has let loose a flood of immoral talk and immoral speculation on loathsome subjects which has deeply defiled, and will long defile, European and American society. As to the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, it was a purely commercial speculation. He merely forestalled the English market; if one London magazine did not reprint Mrs. Stowe, another would. We are not of those who think that the publication of the true story of Byron would be in itself harmful; rather the reverse. Our objection is to the time and the manner, not to the matter. The greater Byron's fame and powers the greater right has the world to know the true man. But that revelation, we think, ought to have been made in 1816; it ought to have been made by Lady Byron herself, or at any rate on her express and undoubted authority, and by those commissioned to execute this stern judicial act. But to get it at this time, and in this indirect and surreptitious way, in a form so nauseous, from such a source, and for such objects, is a proceeding which we are glad to say has met with almost universal indignation, contempt, and condemnation.

On the whole we may assume that, as the case stands, general opinion has come to the conclusion that, as a matter of fact, Lady Byron did in substance make a communication to Mrs. Stowe, of which we have in Mrs. Stowe's paper the general, and in the main faithful, outline. All as we think of Mrs. Stowe, we do not believe that out of her own lively imagination she either invented the tale, or misunderstood Lady Byron on the main matter—the charge of incest.

The great fact then, scarcely disputed, is that in 1856 Lady Byron believed the tale which she revealed to Mrs. Stowe. The question then arises:—Was this belief a gradual and morbid accretion, or did Lady Byron entertain it—whether true or not—in 1815-16? This is the point to which Lord Lindsay, writing in the *Times* of September 7, has addressed himself. His conclusion is, that either Mrs. Stowe in 1856 "entirely misunderstood Lady Byron, and has thus been led into error and misstatement"—an allegation which seems to us entirely improbable, and to which as a mere matter of argument we should much prefer the bold assertion that Mrs. Stowe had wilfully and maliciously invented the whole story from first to last, which we do not for a moment believe—or "that under the pressure of a lifelong and secret sorrow, Lady Byron's mind had become clouded with an hallucination in respect to the particular point in question." That is to say, Lord Lindsay's position as regards Lady Byron is, that this hallucination—whatever an hallucination is—was a recent thing, or anyhow did not possess Lady Byron forty years ago, and that the charge of incest preferred by her against her husband in 1856 was of recent growth, or at any rate was not entertained in 1816; and to prove this point Lord Lindsay refers to a very curious contemporaneous diary, kept by Lady Anne Barnard, embodying a letter from Lady Byron herself written in 1818, and expressly referring to the separation and its causes. What does this memoir and what does this letter amount to? Simply to this, that in 1818 Lady Byron did not mention the charge of incest; which is precisely what Mrs. Stowe and Lady Byron admit. Lady Byron's position was, according to Mrs. Stowe, that she never did divulge the real state of the case to anybody—except perhaps to her parents, and to Dr. (then Mr.) Lushington, in 1810; but that for some reasons, which we do not profess quite to understand and certainly not to acquiesce in, she kept the secret inviolate and sacred. This is what Mrs. Stowe says; and forty years before Lady Byron herself, according to Lady Anne Barnard, says, "that she silenced accusations by which her own conduct might have been more fully justified." There is no inconsistency whatever between the fact that Lady Byron never did mention the matter to her dearest friend, and Mrs. Stowe's—or rather Lady Byron's—assertion, that this was, however strange and perhaps objectionable, Lady Byron's fixed intention and purpose from the very first. We do not profess to understand Lord Lindsay's logic, though we have great admiration for his character, and respect for his motives in writing. But what he says seems to come to this:—Lady Byron in 1816 and 1818 never said a word about a certain circumstance. Mrs. Stowe says that Lady Byron in 1856 acknowledged or boasted that she had never said a word about it, either in 1816 or 1818, or indeed until 1856. From which Lord Lindsay concludes that Lady Byron did not, in 1816-1818, believe in the existence of a fact which she says she first made known in 1856.

But there is a good deal more in Lady Anne Barnard's diary than this. Lady Byron, according to Mrs. Stowe, in 1856 revealed

not only the tale of incest, but several other matters; for example, the scene in the carriage on the wedding-day, and the particulars, down to the sensational details, including the spaniel dog story, of the final interview between Byron, his wife, and sister. Now we must say that, horrible and disgusting as the incest charge is, as a mere matter of probability, the carriage scene on the wedding-day is even more improbable. But this very incident, the most improbable in the whole of Mrs. Stowe's narrative, is confirmed by Lady Anne's testimony. Lady Byron told this story in 1818 to Lady Anne, and she told it again in 1856 to Mrs. Stowe. Here is another undesigned coincidence between Lady Byron's assertions in 1818 and in 1856, which also goes far to prove that in 1856 she believed neither more nor less than she believed in 1818. "He, Lord Byron, soon attempted to corrupt her [Lady Byron's] principles, both with respect to her own conduct, and her latitude for his,"—*Lady A. Barnard*. "He repudiated Christianity as authority, asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called 'the impulses of nature' . . . His first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry; by destroying her faith in Christianity and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage-tie only as a friendly alliance to cover licences on both sides."—*Mrs. Stowe*. Lord Lindsay's plea for Byron is well-intentioned; but the advocate has done his client more harm than even Mrs. Stowe herself.

We cannot but regard Lady Anne's testimony in 1818 as a direct, and the stronger because perfectly undesigned, confirmation of Lady Byron's assertions in 1856. The character, too, which Lady Byron, writing to Lady Anne, draws of her husband is substantially the same as, or painted even in blacker hues than, what she recalls of him forty years afterwards, when she tells the whole story. And we must be permitted to add that, if incest is a possible crime at all, the Byron described by his wife, and by his wife's confidential friend in 1818, is certainly not the person to whom such a crime is impossible.

Lord Lindsay has something else to say. He admits that Lady Byron's solicitors, Messrs. Wharton and Fords, do not contradict Mrs. Stowe's allegation, and he feels this fact to be strong, and to raise an inconvenient presumption in favour of Mrs. Stowe's story. It is strong, but it is stronger than Lord Lindsay admits it to be. Lady Byron's executors and representatives obviously commissioned and authorized the letter of the solicitors, and there was in their possession documentary evidence which, though it might not prove Lady Byron's charge, which after all must depend upon Lady Byron's own character and veracity, might have disproved Mrs. Stowe's story. The conclusion is obvious, that Lady Byron left behind her nothing whatever inconsistent either with Mrs. Stowe's story in general, or with Mrs. Stowe's assertion in particular that Lady Byron in 1816 believed, and acted on the belief of, the truth of the charge which she divulged in 1856. If such materials for contradicting either of these two assertions of Mrs. Stowe are in the possession of Lady Byron's descendants at the present moment, it is perfectly impossible to understand why they have not been made use of.

Something else remains to be said. It is admitted on all hands that in 1816 Lady Byron communicated to Mr. Lushington what at that moment Lady Byron believed, or affected to believe, was the real state of the case. The question then is—What did Lady Byron reveal to Mr. Lushington? No doubt, if she told Mr. Lushington of the incest, this would not prove that the incest had been committed; but it is superfluous to add that it would prove to demonstration that in 1816 Lady Byron believed, and said, that it had been committed. Dr. Lushington has kept silence. If Lady Byron in 1816 made the charge of incest to her professional adviser, Dr. Lushington is not called upon, or expected, to say so. But if this is not what Lady Byron said in 1816—if she said something else, and made some other complaint against Lord Byron, no matter what—Dr. Lushington might fairly say that what he was told in 1816 is not the tale which Mrs. Stowe has told in 1869. This is just what Dr. Lushington has not done; and on this point also we find no contradiction as to Lady Byron's original and her more recent assertion on the matter of fact. We are therefore driven to our second conclusion, that in 1856 Lady Byron added nothing to what she is asserted to have believed in 1816. By a legitimate critical process, the matter has been traced backward to its source. Lady Byron may have had all along no ground for making the charge of incest; she may have completely misunderstood and calumniated her husband; she may have had only trifling incompatibilities of temper to complain of. But, be this as it may, what she thought and said in 1856 she thought and said in 1816.

We dismiss very rapidly the "hallucination" theory. Its controversial value seems, in the eyes of the newspaper correspondents, chiefly to depend on the importance which they attach to a sonorous polysyllable. We do not profess altogether to understand an hallucination of any sort, certainly not of this sort—an hallucination which involves so horrible a charge, and which surrounds such a charge with all sorts of minute, and perfectly unnecessary, details. Lady Byron's character, as she and her friends give it, is one with which we do not altogether sympathize; indeed we rather dislike, because perhaps we are unable to realize it. But that her character was very peculiar Lady Anne Barnard shows as clearly as Mrs. Stowe does. That character, be it what it may, is one, we should say, *prima facie*, least capable of being led away by, or indulging in, an hallucination—whatever hallucinations may be. The upshot of the whole matter and the final alternative is

this:—Either we must accept this hallucination theory, or we must accept Lady Byron's story. Further than this the matter cannot be carried.

P.S.—In our last week's article on this subject, "Lady Carnarvon" was a misprint for "Lady Carmarthen." And we may add that we are assured on good authority that the statement, which we took from Moore's Memoirs, that Lord Byron and his half-sister Augusta scarcely ever met in their early years, is incorrect. The two children, we are informed, were brought up together by Byron's mother in the days of her Scotch poverty. A daughter, unmarried, of Mrs. Leigh, we are told, still survives.

#### ARGUING WITH WOMEN.

THERE are not perhaps many diversions more agreeable than a conversation upon a really interesting topic with a really clever and superior woman; a woman who does not belong to either of the two most conspicuous types of the Ladies of the Period—the type of M. Azamat Batuk's "Miss Lucy," or the type of Mr. Courthope's "Cornelia"; who is neither fast nor fanatical; who thinks neither croquet nor conversazione the height of happiness, nor believes that flirting or the franchise is the end of woman's existence; who can be lighthearted and witty without being dissipated and coarse; who can be social without socialism, and serious without too much severity; who can appreciate man without aping him; and who, though deeply conscious of her womanhood, is in no way ashamed or impatient of its amiable weaknesses, and certainly would detest the thought of trying to hide them either in the clothes or under the conventional behaviour of men. The society of such a woman affords the most enjoyable relaxation from study or other severe work that it is possible to experience, and her conversation is not the least agreeable part of companionship with her. It is not at all essential that her talk be brilliant. It is not even necessary that it be witty; though few cultivated Englishwomen in fair health and spirits are not witty. It is quite enough that it be really womanly; that, whether grave or gay, or in whatever line it runs, it well and truly reflect the right relations of woman to man in a well-ordered society. It is just as great a fault for a woman's talk to be mannish as for a man's talk to be womanish. If, for instance, a discussion is to be maintained on a really serious and interesting topic between a well-read man and a cultivated woman, it is essential that it be not permitted to degenerate into disputation. Truly womanly talk is, like all the influences of refined women, suggestive, stimulative, humanizing in the highest degree, but never contentious. If it once becomes combative, or purely argumentative, its charm is gone. "Don't argue with a woman" is one of those social laws which a real gentleman is always careful to observe, and a breach of which he considers to be a decided social misdemeanour; but it is one which has now been proclaimed to be opposed to the due fruition by woman of her "rights," and which the Ecclesiastical of our day are determined, by preaching or by practice, to abrogate. The modern Cornelia complains bitterly of the unfairness of such a maxim. She says that whenever, in the exercise of her mission, she meets a man with whom her soul longs to dispute, and holds him, either in the fashion of the Ancient Mariner, with the "glittering eye," or by the more modern contrivance of the button-hole, she can never get beyond a certain preliminary point in the disputation. As soon as the discussion threatens to become really argumentative, and therefore really interesting, her faintest antagonist contrives somehow to quash it. If he is a cool hand, he pretends not to think she is in earnest, and treats her solemn utterances as very good jokes; and, when hard-pressed, puts the question by with a smile, and adroitly passes to some safer topic. If hot-tempered, he blurts out that he never could see the use of arguing such subjects, and begs to be excused. If shy and nervous, he either takes refuge in submissive silence, or violently and desperately breaks away, leaving his reputation, if not his garment, in her hands. By one device or another—and men, like foxes and other hunted animals, develop an incredible number of dodges to escape the pursuit of the modern Amazon—he avoids fighting out an argument with her to the bitter end. So the upshot of it is that, with all her efforts, she never gets a really favourable occasion for defending her new gospel of Hermaphroditism in mixed society, but is driven to the weaker means of books, pamphlets, lectures, and associations, for the establishment of the great truth that, in spite of certain trifling and purely accidental physical differences, woman is morally, politically, mentally, and spiritually, "a man and a brother."

The reason why men decline to argue with women is not difficult to find, though it is often misrepresented. Cornelia says that it is both a mark and a means of the slavery or so-called "subordination" of woman to man. She declares that man prohibits woman from arguing with him, just as he prohibits her from voting, legislating, and governing with him, and as he used formerly to prohibit her from prescribing and preaching to him, in order to keep her down in her place of inferiority and degradation. Man, like all tyrants, is suspicious and secretly uncomfortable. He is conscious that his lordship rests upon no foundation of real right or fitness. Consequently he dare not allow woman to assert herself in argument with him, or otherwise, for fear of losing his prestige and his monopoly of power. This theory would be more valuable if it could derive some support from facts; if, for instance, it were true that the possession of power in England depended in



any material degree upon success in dialectic. There are some ranks of society in which the rule "Don't argue with a woman" is, like the other laws of good breeding, somewhat indifferently observed. Do the women in such a class of society find that their position is at all improved by their exercise of the right to argue with their fathers, husbands, and brothers? Does the costermonger lose his monopoly of power in the household or the donkey-stable through his *ignoratio e'enchi*? When the good time arrives that England is ruled entirely by "the right reason"; when physical forces have become of no account in the conduct of the world, but Nous alone is king; when, in case of a difference between man and woman, logical conviction follows invariably upon defeat in argument, and practical action follows as invariably upon logical conviction, then Cornelia's analysis of the reasons why men do not argue with women will be more worthy of our attention.

Less ingenious, but not less untrue, is the statement that men will not argue with women because they despise them. Able men do not despise cultivated and intelligent women, or think them incapable of throwing new light upon any subject that may be under discussion. On the contrary, such men know very well that, as regards the contribution of new and really valuable matter to any discussion, the general run of men and women in good society are pretty much on a par. The number of men who, in a discussion on any subject, can bring really fresh stores of ready and accurate knowledge to bear, are always very few. Men like Lord Macaulay or Sir W. Hamilton are not more plentiful in society than women like Miss Martineau. Unless, therefore, the conversation should happen to turn upon some matter which is special to man's training—such as Greek scholarship, or the calculus—the women in cultivated circles are, upon the whole, at no more disadvantage, so far as the possession of general information is concerned, than the men. Tried by the standard of sound knowledge the talk of an average man is just as ignorant and nonsensical as the talk of an average woman. And tried by the standard of imagination—that is, of the power of making new or unexpected combinations and comparisons—the talk of women is generally better, within certain limits, than that of men. In fact also, in the art of leading and drawing out discussion, women are, on the whole, far superior to men. So that it is certainly not from a feeling of contempt that the cultivated man declines to argue with the cultivated woman.

A more plausible, but still unsatisfactory, theory is that men do not argue with women because women cannot argue, inasmuch as they are very inconsequential and illogical. This theory is not worth so much as is sometimes supposed. No doubt women are illogical. The number of women whose training and reading have been such as to enable them to pursue, for five minutes, a sound course of argument, is very small. But how great is the number of men who have that capacity? Let any man moving in a cultivated circle of general society—or even, perhaps, in the peculiar circles of Oxford or Cambridge—think over the list of his friends and acquaintances, both men and women. Is it possible that his woman friends could be more tiresome in argument than he finds his man friends to be? Don't the men plague him with undistributed middles, begging the question, ambiguous terms, and fallacies in every mood of the four figures? Don't they, in arguing on any matter on which they are keenly interested, put sentiment and feeling in place of just inference? The number of men who will make glaring blunders in argument may perhaps be less than that of women who will do so; but their superiority to women is, after all, not much greater than that of Cornelia to the rest of her sex—

Who—so she did her sex eclipse—  
Could argue in a fine ellipse.

The generality of women may perhaps be a little inferior to the generality of men in conscious analysis of the processes of thought; but it is not this analysis which comes principally into play in the course of an ordinary social argument. Such an argument generally consists, in the main, of the production by one side of contrary instances against the universal propositions hazarded by the other side—a struggle in which ready wit and a serviceable memory for details are much more valuable than any power of analysing the laws of thought.

Nor is it satisfactory to say that men do not argue with women because women argue only for victory, and not for truth. Women are, in this respect, neither much better nor much worse than men. Very few people, either men or women, argue with a pure desire to elucidate the truth, and in a spirit of indifference to their own personal success; because, in the first place, an argument is not a process whereby ignorant people can usually become better informed; and even if it were, in the second place, almost all people are carried away in the heat of argument to forget everything but the personal sense of competition, and the desire of victory which that competition excites. And it is by the light of this consideration that we see the true reason why men decline to argue with women. All argument is, in fact, except in the case of a few singularly well-trained dispositions, a personal strife, or combat. It is like a game of chess between two moderate players, in which the love of science is almost always swallowed up by the desire to win. It is, in fact, a duel. And any one who remembers that to all duelling it is essential that the weapons and the laws of the combat be equal to both combatants, will see at once why men cannot argue with women. A man arguing with a woman is at a fatal disadvantage. Neither the weapons nor the laws of combat

are equal. He fights with a blunted sword, or a blunderbuss; she with a double-edged rapier, or an "arm of precision." He must stand, but may not deliver, the fire of personalities. He must not outstep certain bounds, whereas her range is unlimited. He is strictly forbidden to deliver certain effective thrusts, or "shocks," as she calls them. He must not "shock her delicacy"—a very favourite restriction with rather underbred women, and with American ladies. He must not "shake her faith"—a restriction under which most women require an argument upon any of the most deeply interesting problems of the day to be conducted. And she is to be the umpire, or arbiter, whether he breaks any of these restrictions. In short, argument, even with an able woman, is a game the law of which is "Heads, you win; tails, I lose"—a game at which no sensible man cares to play.

It is true that Cornelia is now making us a very liberal offer. She declares that she is only too anxious to forego any such advantages as a barbarous or dark age may have allowed her. Neither her "delicacy" nor her "faith" requires protection any longer. She courts personalities, and is not afraid of any shock or any sensation. She desires nothing more than to be allowed to dispute with men on equal conditions, and to get as good as she gives. But it will not do. First, because, whatever may be Cornelia's professions, when she gets into the heat of discussion she invariably forgets them. To forego, in the bitterness of contest, advantages which long use and the opinion of society have made so peculiarly handy, is beyond the power even of a female apostle. And, secondly, because society will not permit it. Even if Cornelia can find a man who is willing to accept her challenge, and to jostle, push, strike, and drive her in argument, just as he would a male antagonist, the lookers on will not allow it. We may be coming to a time when woman's intense aspirations after manliness shall have succeeded in unsexing her, and when, having all but made herself into a man, she may be treated as a man. But at present it is not so. We are not yet over the stage of transition. Considerable differences still remain between men and women, and for the present society does not permit us to ignore these differences in argument or elsewhere.

#### DOMESTIC SERVICE ILLUSTRATED BY THE NOVELIST.

WHEN a certain advanced school of philosophy has had its way we shall hear no more of fidelity as a virtue. It will be gone out of fashion as a half-developed canine phase of humanity. In the meanwhile, however, it is invaluable to the novelist, and will continue so to be as long as there is a craving in people to be loved and looked up to for something unearned and beside their merits. When once the gauge of desert comes in, the proudest and vainest has an inner qualm and shrinks back to another standard. We like to be convinced that there is something in us and about us, independent of our occasional lapses, that ensures not only obedience but willing submission. It is pleasant to escape the penetrative scrutiny of equals by withdrawing into a region where our will is law, not only because it is strongest, but because it is ours, and therefore taken for granted; where we may repose upon a deference that accepts our definitions of right as unquestionable. It is this feeling that makes the portrait of a faithful servant always attractive. A sort of virtue is there depicted which is admirable in its self-denial, and at the same time makes no heavy demands on our own practice. No doubt the very nature of service implies the duty of some suppression of the critical faculty on the part of him who serves. The master may judge his man, where the man had best not judge his master. Blind loyalty, once the gentleman's fidelity, we may be said to have outgrown as a political virtue, but we still delight to see it portrayed as a domestic one. Hence, whenever fiction condescends to delineate service at all, to hold up examples of it for our admiration, it is in the exhibition of a blind unreasoning fidelity. Even comedy, the recognised form of satire on human folly and baseness, makes the servant—greedy and grasping as he is—take his view of life from his master, and run personal risks to serve him. But it is in the novel that we must look for the passion of fidelity set off by the humours which make delineations of our social inferiors so especially stimulating to self-esteem. It is in the novel that we may see how dear to the heart of man is the notion of being the object of an unreasoning instinctive faithfulness. A hero is twice a hero with his inseparable follower, comic or tragic; whether that hero be Mr. Pickwick, with Sam Weller qualifying himself to be still his master's body servant in the Fleet, or old Caleb Balderstone starving and thieving for his master's credit in the bleak tower of Wolf's Crag. It only needs the vivid impersonation of a servitor so in love with service that he shall without effort, without thinking of sacrifice, have no private interests—or else, as a matter of course and without a struggle, make them give place to his master's—to excite in the reader's mind a very peculiar gratification. Old Orlando, who so well exemplified the constant service of the antique world when servants sweated for duty not for meed, did it without requiring a return, but looked forward to the time as simply inevitable.

When service should in my old limbs be lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown.

It is so recognised a feature of the conventional servitor to have no plans for the future, that it is made a trait in the venal crew of *High Life below Stairs* that one thinks himself sure of a place in the

Customs, and a selfish couple look forward to keeping a public-house together. So entirely are we removed from inconvenient personal applications in these fancy pictures of self-devotion, that we expect as a matter of course that the master's interests should be always uppermost. The ideal retainer need not be perfect; if his sins are committed for his chief, he finds us lenient judges. Everybody sympathises with the "savage fidelity" of Elspeth of the Craighurnfoot, in which she found a stern and stubborn satisfaction. "No man in old time parted from his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrong." She had served the head of Glenallan as she was required to serve her. "None shall say I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul."

A thoroughgoing popular novel constantly owes its popularity to the relation between master and servant. What would Robinson Crusoe be without his man, Friday? What would Sterne's Uncle Toby be apart from Corporal Trim, his master's humble double—nurse, dog, and confidant in one—with always a thought between them:—

Trim! said my Uncle Toby after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow—my Uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. Corporal! said my Uncle Toby—the Corporal made his bow—my Uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe. Trim! said my Uncle Toby, I have a project in my head.

For our part it would be a bore to have to wait upon the slow, smoky workings of another man's brain, but Trim is supposed to like it. The whole fits in with the ideal much better than if Trim had had even the most retiring, modest interests of his own, which could not fail to make indefinite suspense on his master's cogitations irksome. Sam Weller is for the same reason one of the most popular of modern creations; his wit would not tell half as much without his exuberant and jealous fidelity:—

"I could serve that gentleman till I fell down dead," says the repentant Job. "I say," said Sam, "I'll trouble you, my friend—none o' that. None o' that, I say, young feller. No one serves him but me."

And when Mr. Pickwick wants to settle him in life with Miss Mary, not even love offers a moment's temptation:—

If you want a more polished sort o' feller, well and good—have him; but vages or no vages, notice or no notice, board or no board, lodgin' or no lodgin', Sam Weller as you took from the old inn in the Borough sticks to you come what come may; and let everythin' and everybody do their very fiercest, nothin' shall ever pervert it.

All this, though not according to our experience, sounds an excellent recipe for making life easy, and is appreciated accordingly.

Scott delights in portraying the manners of domestic service. He does not often venture to attribute to a fellow-countryman an absolute deadness to personal considerations, but he does not care to paint an unfaithful servant; and he had a power in himself of creating strong attachments in those who served him, which justified his portraits. The astute Cuddie throws himself into the lion's very clutches when with blundering gallantry he seeks the aid of Claverhouse and his dragoons for his master in the hands of fanatics. The incomparable Jenny will run more hazards for her mistress's sake than for her own. Richie Monipplies, pragmatical as he is, is profuse of his newly-gained wealth in his master's service, as well as faithful under difficulties; and even the self-seeker Andrew Fairservice waits with real zeal on his rescued young master in that funeral "stand o' claes" which he had thought fit to order on his supposed death. The antiquary, to be sure, has an unfavourable experience to report which influences his view of the question:—

Why did the boy Tam Rinkerout, whom at my wise sister's instigation I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial—why did he pilfer apples, take birds' nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulders, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halberd, or even to the gallows; and why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Rinkerout, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step, shod or unshod, soft as the paw of a cat, and docile as a spaniel? Why? But because she is in her vocation.

This might seem to degrade the virtue of which we speak in quite a modern spirit, but that we are informed economical considerations prejudiced the speaker; and besides, all boys occupy a distinct place in fiction. The boy is universally thrown over, and is quite the reverse of the father and the man. Even Bailey Junior has no attachments, but transfers himself from mistress to master solely for his own pleasure.

It is interesting to observe how fascinating this absolute disregard of personal interests, which we understand by "fidelity," is to American writers. The New England help knows nothing of it of course, and never will. The best white servant there avowedly considers her own convenience and prospects first, and will leave her employer at any pinch when her end is served; but fiction has the negro—has had, we should rather say—in whom to personify an entire self-abnegation. Old Tiff, one of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's best characters, though not quite so familiar to English readers as Uncle Tom, has no private feelings of pleasure, pain, or pride. It is impossible to please or hurt him in his own person. He lives in the consequence of the "Peytons, one of the fustest families in Old Virginny," to whom he had belonged; he has no sensitiveness that is not connected with them; he works and slaves for their descendants, and teaches their children manners by setting himself up as a scarecrow and warning; and we should feel it quite a falling off if he expected even thanks in return for this wholesale self-dedication. Mr. Wendell Holmes has a very picturesque old negress of the same type, granddaughter of a cannibal chief, who worships

with soul, body, and instinct the mysterious Elsie Verner, living in her movements, watching her night and day with lynx-like observance, and dying on her grave, as part of her duty, when her task was done. In contrast with this self-annihilation the same story gives us in Abel a respectable representative of the New England "hired man," who, having sold his time to the doctor, took care to fulfil his half of the bargain, but could never stand the word servant, or consider himself the inferior of the "high contracting parties," making up his mind to dismiss the old gentleman (his master) if he did not behave himself.

There is a sympathy between this view of the subject and that taken by the disciples of progress amongst ourselves. With them the virtue of fidelity takes but a low stand; subservience to one person being supposed to dilute to nothing the sense of duty we owe to society at large, whether that one be husband or master. The author of *Felix Holt* gives us an unsympathizing but very clever analysis of a retainer's fidelity in Denner, the miserable Mrs. Transome's devoted servant; one of those "faithful creatures" whom the aristocracy of mankind find so useful to their needs:—

The physical contrast between the tall eagle-faced dark-eyed lady, and the little peering, waiting-woman, who had been round-featured and of pale mealy complexion from her youth up, had doubtless had a strong influence in determining Denner's feeling towards her mistress, which was of that worshipful sort paid to a goddess when it was not thought necessary or likely that a goddess should be very mortal. There were different orders of beings—so ran Denner's creed—and she belonged to another order than that to which her mistress belonged. She had a mind as sharp as a needle, and would have seen through and through the ridiculous pretensions of a born servant who did not submissively accept the rigid fate which had given her born superiors. Denner identified her own dignity with that of her mistress. She was a hard-headed godless little woman, but with a character to be reckoned on as you reckon on the qualities of iron.

The same almost animal inferiority of nature makes Harold Transome's Dominic in this story the valuable servant he is:—

Oh he is one of those wonderful Southern fellows that make one's life easy. He's of no country in particular. I don't know whether he's most of a Jew or Greek, or Italian or Spaniard. He speaks five or six languages, one as well as another. He's cook, valet, major-domo, and secretary, all in one; and what's more he's an affectionate fellow. I can trust to his attachment.

We can understand how all this must offend the advocate of progress, to whom such a one is a "creature," as that word used to be applied by historians—a thing rather than a man—a civilized, modernized edition of Front de Beuf's Saracens, who knew no will or conscience but their master's, and had no choice in executing his behests, whatever these might be. In fact, it may be observed that domestic service is represented in favourable colours or otherwise according to the political and moral leanings of the writer. If we recollect rightly, Miss Edgeworth and her school, representing the new lights of their day, are all hard upon servants as a low, venal, corrupting, and corruptible race. It is their aim to separate the young from all intercourse with them. Rousseau was for doing without them altogether. Men were to be waited on by their wives; they were to have no other dependents. People who resented all this flying in the face of social order exalted service on principle as a nursery of the humbler virtues. An authoress of high aims amongst ourselves, whose stories are largely accepted by readers who like a strong infusion of moral in their fiction, has actually made one of her heroines descend to it from no other necessity than the call of friendship. She is the daughter of a leading tradesman and the humble friend of a lady of rank, and for the sake of serving her friend more effectively she renounces her home for the society of ladies'-maids and butlers; she takes her seat in the rumble and frequents the backstairs, and gets into and surmounts the difficulties incident to such places and scenes.

Mr. Trollope has some good servants amongst his characters. He makes them faithful, for he always likes to make his readers comfortable, which the mere picture of a good servant tends to do; but, being a realist, he keeps their good qualities down to a natural standard, and by no means supposes them indifferent to their names being down in their mistress's will for a reasonable legacy. We may say the same of Mrs. Gaskell, who has some lively portraits of the faithful type, not to be forgotten. The mode of treating or avoiding this subject constitutes a marked distinction between novelist and novelist. It occupied Thackeray's mind rather as a humourist than as a novelist. His "Jeames" of the *Diary* is like nothing else either in nature or art, and his ballad of the nefarious butler is founded on fact. Miss Austen never attempts to portray character out of her own sphere. Richardson does not do much in this way; we recall that her malicious sister's maid is one of Clarissa's early trials, but with him the servant is invariably the reflection of the master's temper and the obedient instrument of his will. In fact, independence in this relation is, wherever we find it, a sign of modern ideas.

#### LLANDAFF AND MANCHESTER.

THERE are two cities in this island whose ecclesiastical and temporal position presents some singular likenesses and differences. One is undoubtedly the newest Bishopric in the kingdom; the other is generally understood to be the oldest which has preserved a continuous succession of Bishops. One is in commercial and political importance the first of English cities; the other is the smallest of cities, of no great size even among villages, a city whose greatness is purely ecclesiastical, a city without either municipal government or Parliamentary representation.



And of these the first is eminently the last and the last the first. We may for our present purposes fairly call Manchester the first of English cities. Inferior no doubt to the vast aggregate which we vaguely speak of as London, it undoubtedly surpasses that smaller London which still alone forms the ecclesiastical and municipal city. But Manchester, as a Parliamentary borough, dates only from the first Reform Bill; its municipal existence dates only from the still later age of Municipal Reform; as a Bishopric it is still in the episcopate of its first prelate; the temporal rank of a city it owes to a still later proclamation of her present Majesty. And yet, when we remember that Manchester boasts of an origin of Roman antiquity, that we find its name in the tenth century recorded in the long roll-call of West-Saxon victories, that its ecclesiastical establishment, new as a Bishopric, is five hundred years old as a College, we may perhaps think that the modern character of Manchester is merely superficial, and that its local historian had some excuse for turning its local history into a general history of Britain. At Llandaff, on the other hand, the smallest and the most ancient of British cities, we may sometimes doubt whether both the smallness and the newness are not superficial. Llandaff, of all places, exists solely in its Bishopric and cathedral; for all temporal purposes the little city might vanish without the world finding out the lack. But, with all the boast of antiquity, that Bishopric and cathedral are for all practical purposes new. Five-and-twenty years ago, Llandaff had a church, half in ruins, half tortured into a form of grotesque ugliness. The solitary sign of its claim to cathedral rank was a mean wooden box with the legend "Dom. Episcopus." A Bishop resident in the city had not been heard of for ages; a Bishop resident in the diocese was a novelty of the then episcopate. There was a nominal Chapter; but, as no special Residentiaries had ever been appointed, the duty of residence, falling on all alike, was avoided by all alike. The practical ecclesiastical establishment consisted of a single Vicar; the choral establishment consisted of a single fiddle. Now there are a resident Bishop, a resident Dean, Canons as much or as little resident as they are in most other places, a cathedral nobly restored in its full extent, a choir and choral service, if not of first-rate merit, yet a vast improvement on anything which had been seen at Llandaff for ages. In short, the Bishopric, cathedral, and Chapter of Llandaff, nominally the oldest in the kingdom, are practically the newest. And, if we look on Llandaff, as for some purposes we may, not as a distinct village, but as a suburb of the huge and growing town of Cardiff, we may say that the smallness of the city is well nigh as superficial as its age.

What then is the point of likeness between two places which seem to present a sort of interlacing of features of opposition? It lies in this, that, different as their circumstances are in other ways, yet Manchester and Llandaff, as cathedral churches, have each of them the same ecclesiastical problem to solve. Each of them, besides its position as the head church of the diocese, is the immediate parish church of a considerable parish. Manchester Cathedral, we need hardly say, is the parish church of a very large parish. The collegiate church of Manchester was the original parish church of the whole town, and though many districts have been cut out of it in later times, it still remains the parish church of a large parish, supplying a very large congregation. Llandaff in the like sort is the parish church of a population much smaller certainly than that of the cathedral parish at Manchester, but still of considerable extent. Grotesquely small as the city seems as a city, the parish of Llandaff is of a good size, and an attractive service within an easy walk of a large town is sure to draw visitors who are not residents in the parish. Llandaff Cathedral, therefore, as well as Manchester, has to provide, not only for the occasional but for the constant presence of large congregations. To attempt to cram even the Llandaff congregation, much more the Manchester congregation, into the choir only, and to leave the nave in a state of dignified emptiness, would have been utter madness. How then does either cathedral contrive to discharge the twofold duty which to some capitular minds seems so wholly incompatible?

Let us first look at the elder building, for such Manchester practically is. The formerly collegiate, now cathedral church, is in its architecture simply a Perpendicular parish church of unusual size. It has no transepts or central tower, no part is vaulted, its single western tower is quite unworthy of the fabric, the double aisles of its nave point to its office as the church of a great parish rather than as the seat of a collegiate body; nothing distinguishes it from any other large town church but the unusual length of the choir and the addition of the eastern Lady chapel. The nave and choir are both exceedingly fine specimens of their own style, but we instinctively compare them, not with Canterbury and York and Winchester and Gloucester, not even with Bath and Sherborne and Saint Mary Redcliff, but with the great Perpendicular parish churches of Somersetshire and East-Anglia. It is only the size of the choir and the unusual splendour of the stalls which at all suggests the character of a cathedral or collegiate church. Even the roodscreen is of the parochial type, for the obvious reason that the collegiate choir was also the parochial chancel, and that the people had the same right in the high altar as if they had had a personal instead of a corporate rector. An organ which once filled up the chancel arch has happily journeyed elsewhere, unhappily, it would seem, taking away with it the upper part of the central division of the screen. No massive wall of stone divides the two parts of the church; the light timber screen is no real impediment to sight or hearing; there is no con-

ceivable reason why Manchester, with its ancient screen of wood, should not be as well arranged as Lichfield and Hereford, with their modern screens of brass. There is no conceivable reason why the clergy and choir should not be in their place, and the congregation in their place, except on the *opus operatum* and (one would think) high sacerdotal theory that the sight of the priest's lips moving during every word of divine worship is absolutely necessary to spiritual edification of any kind. As it is, on week days the smaller—by no means positively small—congregation is marched into the choir; on Sundays the choir and officiating clergy come out into the nave, even that portion of the service which is commonly said at the altar being said there. That both parts of the church could be used at once seems not to have entered the head of either chapter or parish. In fact a noble opportunity is utterly thrown away.

Llandaff has in this respect been more lucky. Like Manchester, the church differs from the usual type of minsters in the absence of the transepts and central tower. But its two western towers at once place it in a higher rank than Manchester. Unlike anything else in Britain, it might pass, in its general shape—certainly not in any minuter point—as a miniature of the mighty pile of Bourges. As at Westminster and Saint Alban's, there is no architectural distinction between nave and choir; the presbytery and the Lady chapel are marked off by arches, but the distinction between the nave and the choir is left to be made by arrangement. The choir originally occupied two bays; the space has been in the restoration injudiciously reduced to one. It is, however, intended to restore it to its former length—a change which cannot be made too soon, as the present choir is very cramped and confused, and does not allow of stalls for all the members even of the small chapter of Llandaff. And very little can be said for the stalls themselves, either as matters of art or as matters of convenience. Still, as the whole restoration, notwithstanding some other glaring faults, is a noble work, so its arrangement, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is a great advance on what is seen in many other cathedrals, an advance which no words can utter upon what was to be seen at Llandaff twenty years ago. At Llandaff no solid wall—a depraved imitation of an arrangement essentially monastic—either drives the clergy into the nave or the congregation into the choir. There are no appropriated stalls, no "canons' ladies" pews, admission to which must be begged or bought. No seats to be crowded by the less wealthy or dignified portion of the flock encumber the void space between throne and altar. Every man or woman who wishes to worship in Llandaff Cathedral can at once find his or her place in the nave which was built for them. To see a cathedral nave filled by its congregation, the clergy and choir in their own place, the Bishop on his throne, the altar, much as we miss the ancient reredos, yet rising free and unencumbered in all fitting dignity, is a sight cheering in itself and to many of us all the more cheering from contrast; and it is a sight which at Llandaff may be seen in a form so nearly approaching perfection that we are not disposed to dwell upon obvious, even upon grave, defects. Let us add that at Llandaff the reign of vergerdom is utterly swept away, while at Manchester one is tempted to think that the real article must be imported direct from Westminster.

The rise of Llandaff Cathedral, alike in its material and its spiritual fabric, from the lowest state into which any episcopal church in England had fallen, is undoubtedly the greatest work of the kind which has been seen for many years. It reflects undying honour on all who have had a share in it, on the Bishop, on the three successive Deans, on the county and diocese at large. There may be other churches which in some points come nearer to ideal perfection, but then there is none which has in the same way risen to a new life out of a state of such seemingly hopeless ruin. The reappearance in these days of what is practically a new cathedral and a new cathedral body makes Llandaff one of the most interesting spots in the island alike to the lover of ancient art and to those who care for the working of modern ecclesiastical institutions. One great error, however, but an error not chargeable on any member of the church of Llandaff, threatens to hinder any great or lasting influence for good on the part of the restored foundation. We have often insisted on the absolute necessity, if cathedral bodies are to discharge any useful function whatever, of real residence on the part of the so-called residentiary Canons, instead of the absurd mockery of three months in turn. On this head the consistent theory and practice of the late Bishop of Salisbury may be profitably studied. But at Llandaff, as things now stand, it is impossible for any of the Residentiaries, however good a will he may have, really to give himself to his capitular duties and to strive to make his capitular office a reality. As all residence had long ceased, there were no available prebendal houses. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have now built a house for the Dean, and one single house for all the Residentiaries in turn. The grotesque results of sending some of the chief officers of the cathedral into what is practically a furnished lodging concern themselves rather than the Church or the public. But the fact that a Residentiary of Llandaff, however anxious he may be to stay, must, unless he can build or buy a house for himself, turn out yearly at the end of three months, is a serious evil. We wish to preserve our cathedral bodies, we wish to utilize them; but we see no way of utilizing them, we see little hope of preserving them, unless this contemptible sham of a three months' residence is utterly swept away.

## CONTINENTAL BATHS BELOW THE SURFACE.

THE announcement that His Excellency the Count of Reus has left Madrid for Vichy, *via* Paris, plunges us into a sea of speculation on Continental baths. We think how little their uses and abuses are to be measured by the effects on the human frame of the chemical ingredients held in solution by their waters; how little their action on the aggregate of European life is to be estimated by the days they have directly added to it, or the influence they have exerted on the distribution of European capital by the sums that have actually passed between their resident and their floating population. No man can have lived long without becoming intensely alive to the value of a decent excuse in season, and in these Continental baths we see ever so many standing pretences to all sorts of people for doing all manner of things. So far as politics are concerned, their power for good or evil has grown with the growth of an unofficial diplomacy. Heaven only knows how many wars may have been averted by an unembarrassed morning chat over cups of sparkling chalybeate; what millions, thanks to these, may have quietly flowed out on works of peace, instead of being lavished on Krupp or Armstrong guns, casemates, ironclads, or torpedoes. When an international royal visit is arranged to come off in the State apartments of the palace of some great capital, we may rely upon it that the necessity for it has passed. It is merely to be regarded as the superfluous seal set to a foregone conclusion. If it meant much more, the risk would be too great to be lightly hazarded, and the reaction of hopes deceived might throw all the *bourses* of Europe into convulsions. We have little faith in visits of ceremony, even as smoothing the way to pleasant relations in the future. Great potentates have the nerves and weaknesses of meaner men, and when France and Prussia meet buttoned up to the throat in choking uniforms, in a blaze of light, in a thronging crowd after a fagging day, it stands to reason and human nature that there must be a strong undercurrent of irritation, fretting them rather to say No than Yes. France meeting Prussia in morning coat and straw hat by Sophienbrunnen or Stephansquelle, soothed by resin-scented breezes from pine-clad hills, exhilarated by the innocent intoxication of the water that bubbles up in their glasses, is a very different thing. The mind must sparkle and smile, in spite of itself, in sympathy with smiling nature. Life seems so pleasant that the very thought of sacrificing it wholesale for the sake of the line of this river or the neutrality of that fortress must revolt one. After the indigestible truffles or excessive champagne of a supper at the Tuileries or Sans Souci, we see of course that men's feelings must flow quite in the opposite direction. Under conditions like these, the most philanthropic ruler would feel it criminal to let any considerations of a life that is burdensome at best, interfere for a moment with his honour or the integrity of his realm. The same feelings that act upon the masters of mankind sway subordinates in their degree. In former days, when situations were perhaps more critical, and the great diplomatists, as a rule, were more advanced in years or shaken in constitution than now, it was no such superficial inducement as isolation from excited populations or ampler hotel accommodation that dictated the choice of meeting-places like Carlsbad or Toplitz. When Ministers prided themselves as much on their cooks as on their abilities, and carried gout or indigestion about with them as matters of course like their credentials or their orders, there was obvious wisdom in sending them where they found at their doors sovereign specifics for the pains that beset them. When *bons mots* were the fashion, and statesmen were capable of sacrificing a policy to a point, it was safer to have their passages of arms where the poison was likely to be washed out of the sting. We have no wish to be alarmists, but, if Prussia should ever monopolize Germany, we foresee a standing menace to the peace of Europe in her appropriation of all the German baths. When relations become delicate, etiquette will forbid that a foreign prince—say a French Emperor or a Czar of All the Russias—should go to recruit his health in the realms of his rival. Austria and Prussia would show a wise generosity if, in view of contingencies and in the interests of peace, they consented to recognise the permanent neutrality of some of the German and Bohemian baths.

To return to the case we took for our text, and to the little excursion of General Prim. It is very likely his Excellency's health may stand much in need of such recruiting as he can give it, and that the waters of Vichy, which he has tried before, may be exactly suited to his complaints. The consciousness of sustained failure, of having lost a great chance and frittered away a lightly-come-by popularity, of having alienated long-tried friends by decorating judicial murderers, might be enough to shake the most robust health. But, such as he is, it would seem certain that Prim's place is in Spain, and it is quite certain that Spain is a land flowing with mineral waters. Roman, Goth, and Moor have tried them, and celebrated their virtues, each in their turn. From the baths of the Southern Pyrenees to the many Moorish Abanas scattered among the sierras of the South, the country bubbles with springs of historic fame. We do not pretend to speak from medical knowledge, yet we venture to assert that at least a score of them must boast of virtues precisely identical with those of Vichy. But then Prim's political health is rickety, no less than his physical; Spain is sick, too, which is perhaps of less consequence; and an eminent consulting surgeon, who has once gained a name as a brilliant and successful operator, resides in Paris. To drop metaphor, had Prim been compelled to intimate a formal visit to the Emperor, it is probable that the honour would have been declined; it is certain it would have given birth

to much embarrassment and scandal. But there can be no objection to an invalid, who finds they suit his constitution, seeking the waters of Vichy, nor to his choosing to take the road that lies by Paris. That is all that can fairly be said; whether the visit prove baneful or beneficial to the peace of the peninsula and Europe remains to be seen. For although we are glad to think that the blessings we owe them preponderate amazingly, yet visits to these languid pleasure-places are sometimes made cloaks for mischief. We speak of Spaniards, and, *à propos* of Spain, Biarritz has a good deal to answer for in this way. When the Governments of the neighbouring countries are in strict amity, the zeal of the French *Préfet* at Perpignan and the *Sous-Préfet* at Bayonne leads them to keep a watchful eye on the Spanish strangers who are tarrying within the gates of these fortified towns. But at Biarritz it is a different thing. There the melancholy exiles, clad in parti-coloured tunics and ample pantaloons, buoyed up on hopes and yellow gourds, may go floating all the day on the warm waves of the Old Port, or wandering by the shores of the loud-resounding Bay of Biscay, their eyes fixed upon the blue cliffs of Guipuzcoa. It is a delicate thing for the most zealous police agent to interfere with a man who can plead the same objects in life that are engrossing the attention of all his fellow-visitors, and who is evidently following them with equal energy. Accordingly, in the days of the Marshals, when the simple policy of Narvaez was a word and a shot, and later when Gonzalez Bravo was imitating Narvaez's thoroughness as thoroughly as a nature in which ferocity had to compromise with cowardice could do, it was astonishing how many distinguished Spaniards were ordered by their physicians on a course of Biscay bathing, and appeared at the place with their medical certificates all *en règle*. Trouville was too bracing, Arcachon too relaxing, the happy mean was only to be found at Biarritz. It is much the same now. Only instead of Moderados and Oligarches, Progressistas and Prims, the patients of to-day who are honoured by the officious attentions of the officials are the rare admirers of the banished Queen, or the enlightened partisans of the Legitimist Prince.

Leaving public interests for private ones, and political wire-pullers and diplomatists for the irresponsible private persons who have only their individual lives and monies to play fast and loose with, let us ask whether the administrations which set up their *trente et quarante* and *roulette* tables on the pleasant banks of the German Bethesda have been gifted by the powers of Evil with an infallible capacity for detecting latent healing virtues. Or are the medical lights of foreign cities, and notably of Paris, retained secretly on the staffs of those establishments, and made sleeping partners in their gains? How else should they dismiss their patients so invariably to Ems, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Baden-Baden, as if MM. Blanc, Beauzot and Cie. had monopolized all the springs that were worth the drinking at? Doubtless these physicians are all like Brutus, honourable men, and have no intention of misguiding. Their pleasant prescription is simply the fruit of a tacit understanding with their patients, an exercise of that happy tact which is an essential part of the stock-in-trade of every successful lady doctor. Madame feels she must have change of air, and the only question is, where is she to seek it? Dieppe is dear and cockneyed; Trouville dear, more distant, but fashionable; Biarritz dear, very distant, and consecrated to the *crème de la crème*. Monsieur's purse is not a deep one, and moreover his avocations ought to tie him within easy reach of Paris. There are a score of other places where sea air is cheap and easily come by, and on the Breton coast you can live for absolutely nothing. But then Madame, fagged by Paris as she is, is dependent on society and a little gaiety. She regrets it with all her heart, but it is a duty she owes her family to go where she can have a pursuit to interest her. She finds it accordingly in making four costly toilets a day, and her sojourn at the sea leads on to her husband's residence at Clichy—or did, at least, before Clichy closed its hospitable doors against debtors. In the same way, a gentleman worn with the constant excitement of playing at the greater Bourse during the day, and the lesser one on the Boulevard in the evening, finds an utter change of scene and air imperative. It is clear that, if his brain is to regain its calm or his stomach its tone, his best chance would be to go where he must eschew *entrées* and absinthe, and even *écards*, isolating himself in some lonely Swiss mountain hermitage—at the Engelberg, Champéry, or one of a hundred quiet kindred establishments. But better sudden and violent death, he thinks, than extinction by lingering dullness. However, he has a certain character on 'Change, and conscience tells him it would be expensive to compromise it by going to Baden of his private impulse. Buying *rentes* for the rise or fall is one thing, and standing on the black and red is another. His doctor thoroughly comprehends the case, follows accurately the mental workings of his client, and knows precisely with what ideas he comes to him. He is aware that, if he gives sound advice, he will injure himself without benefitting his patient. So he shrugs his shoulders morally, speaks as he is paid and expected to speak, and tells his visitor that he believes Baden or Homburg is the only place whose air and waters are infallible for complaints like his. There the hopeful valetudinarian proceeds to set himself right with himself and all the world by an elaborate system of deception. He violates his habits for a morning or two and descends early to the springs, till he finds late hours quite incompatible with early rising, and then he has the water punctually brought to his bed. Having thus saved his conscience for himself, and paraded his malady and course of treatment for the benefit of his world, he is a free agent again. Every one knows



that time must hang heavy on an invalid's hands, and no one can object to his leading it wings in the interest of his health by staking a napoleon or two. He shows persistently at the tables, diligent in business as ever he was in the Rue Vivienne, or at the Boulevard des Italiens; there he sits, playing from noon to midnight, with brief intervals for his meals, and his napoleons find wings whether his time does or not. He is there for his health, and the world need not concern itself further; and his story applies with slight modification to the thousands who, with the most unimpeachable motives, are preparing ruin for themselves and their families.

#### THE IRISH ARTICLES OF 1615.

THE political opposition to Mr. Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church was quite intelligible. The unanimous though feeble resistance offered by the Puritan party in the Church of England was perfectly natural. That certain members of the Broad Church school should be unwilling to give up the connexion of Church and State in Ireland, in the view of a similar catastrophe hanging over the Church in this country, was what might be expected from those who, in their desire to see the Church made more comprehensive, find a kind of guarantee for the combination of unity and comprehensiveness in the fact that the Church is established. Neither was it altogether strange that the High Church party, so called, should exhibit their dislike of a measure which at any rate might, with some show of reason, be looked upon as a preliminary note of warning to the English Establishment. There are no doubt among this party many who are indifferent, or even hostile, to the connexion of the Church and State on the terms on which that connexion actually exists. Such persons could not be supposed to trouble themselves about the disestablishment, however they might disapprove of the alienation of Church property, and the devoting of it to other ends, though those ends might come under the head of charitable purposes. But it was less easy to understand that there should be any members of this party who cared to preserve the Irish Establishment for its own sake. The fact is only to be accounted for by their want of acquaintance with Irish ecclesiastical history in general, and their ignorance of the facts which Dr. Maziere Brady has brought to light as regards the succession of the Irish Episcopate from the time of Henry VIII. At the first blush of the thing there can be nothing, we should think, very attractive to men of this party in the general current of affairs within the pale of the Irish Establishment. It is not an edifying spectacle for the rector of the parish to be fetched on Sunday by the parish clerk if a sufficient number of Protestants can be assembled to allow of their being addressed as "Dearly beloved brethren." And, as far as we know, almost the only signs of life that any portion of the Establishment ever exhibited are such as to remind one of that celebrated picture of Doyle's which appeared some years ago in *Punch*, with the title of "A Christian Gentleman denouncing the Pope." This party have always been shy of those missions to convert Roman Catholics in Ireland which occupy so prominent a position in all Evangelical programmes; but they believe the Church of Ireland to occupy pretty much the same ground as the Church of England, and it is this error which, we think, will easily be dispelled if once they could be brought to see that the Irish Church has not the same claims as the English has to represent the Church of the time of Henry VII., either by succession of episcopate or by continuity of doctrine.

As to the former point, we are not now reviewing Dr. Maziere Brady's volumes. So we will only say that he has demonstratively shown that the Irish Establishment cannot claim that its present bishops are the lineal representatives of those who governed that Church in the reign of the first Tudor sovereign, and that an Irish bishop or priest cannot with the faintest show of plausibility urge that which High Churchmen in England allege as their title to occupy their present places—namely, that they can show as a matter of history how they have inherited them, without any break, in spite of all the convulsions of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. If this be so, there is at once a distinction established between the two cases which in every High Churchman's view ought to have been fatal to the claims of the Irish Establishment. But though this is conclusive, and would be felt to be so by any one who will investigate the facts for himself, few perhaps have the opportunity either of doing that, or even of reading Dr. Brady's account, which possibly also may appear to many somewhat untrustworthy. As an additional argument to such persons, it may be worth while to exhibit the divergence in doctrine of the two Churches. And for this purpose no better material can be found than the once celebrated, though now almost forgotten, Articles of Religion agreed upon by the whole of the clergy of Ireland assembled in Convocation at Dublin in the year 1615. The reprint from which we quote is in a small quarto form, dated London, 1628; but the same may be seen printed at length in Wilkins's *Concilia*, and probably in other collections.

These Articles are based upon the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion adopted by the Church of England in 1562, and again in 1571, and in many particulars the expressions used are absolutely identical. They are not intended as any protest against the Thirty-nine Articles, but rather take the form of a further and more explicit development of the meaning of those Articles; for, in fact,

they were drawn up by Usher, who afterwards, as Primate of Armagh, consented, in 1634, to adopt the Thirty-nine English Articles in conjunction with them, as the profession of the Irish Church. Certainly, whatever ambiguity there may be in the English Articles of Religion, there is none in the Irish. In these there is a most complete and systematic re-arrangement of the subjects treated of, and the points are taken in succession, according to the degree of importance assigned to them by the compilers, and in this respect the Irish Articles contrast favourably with the English. Horrible as are the doctrines enunciated, the confession hangs together as one consistent whole. Whatever plausibility there may be in the attempt to give the English Articles a Catholic meaning, or however successfully it may be shown, either that they were meant to include Catholics, or that their expressions are in point of fact consistent with Catholic doctrine, no such plea would for a moment be urged by any one either in defence or in condemnation of the Irish Articles of 1615. Their meaning is entirely unmistakable.

We omit all notice of the first two heads, which are an expansion of the sixth and eighth, and of the first and fifth, of the English Articles respectively, and we come to the third, which is headed, *Of God's eternal Decree and Predestination*. This also is an expansion of the 17th Article, and contains the following pregnant sentences:—

By his eternal counsel God hath predestinated some unto life and reprobated some unto death, of both which there is a certain number known only to God, which can neither be increased nor diminished.

The cause moving God to predestinate unto life is not the foreseeing of faith, or perseverance, or good works, or of anything which is in the person predestinated, but only the good pleasure of God himself; for all things being ordained for the manifestation of his glory, and his glory being to appear both in the works of his mercy and of his justice, it seemed good to his heavenly wisdom to choose out a certain number towards whom he would extend his undeserved mercy, leaving the rest to be spectacles of his justice.

It is important to be observed that these are two paragraphs interspersed with the other portions of the English 17th Article, and are therefore not intended to contradict that Article, but are evidently inserted as illustrations of its meaning.

In like manner the addition to the English 18th Article is expressed in the following language:—

None can come unto Christ unless it be given unto him, and unless the Father draw him. And all men are not so drawn by the Father, that they may come unto the Son. Neither is there such a sufficient measure of grace vouchsafed unto every man, whereby he is enabled to come unto everlasting life.

The expansion and illustration of the eleventh of the Thirty-nine Articles takes this form:—

A true believer may be certain, by the assurance of faith, of the forgiveness of his sins and of his everlasting salvation by Christ. A true, lively, justifying faith and the sanctifying spirit of God is not extinguished, nor vanisheth away in the regenerate either finally or totally.

Thus far, it will be observed, these articles are nothing more than a translation, with slight but significant additions, of the celebrated Lambeth Articles, which Whitgift would, if he could, have imposed upon the Church of England.

The portion of the Irish Confession which relates to the authority of the Church and General Councils concludes with the following titbit about the Pope:—

The Bishop of Rome is so far from being the supreme head of the Universal Church of Christ, that his works and doctrine do plainly discover him to be that man of sin foretold in the Holy Scriptures whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth and abolish with the brightness of his coming.

We need not enter into further particulars, except to observe generally that the expressions used with regard to the Sacraments are such as very distinctly exclude the opinions of the High Church school. We believe that members of this party, when they think over the two points we have alleged, will see little reason to regret that they did not give a more effectual support to the Irish Establishment, which we cannot but fear will, now that it is disestablished, pursue a very erratic course for itself, and sever itself yet more widely from the Church of England.

Now it must be considered that these Articles were solemnly affirmed by the whole Church of Ireland assembled in Convocation, and have never since been in any way disclaimed, annulled, or set aside. It has been sometimes argued—and this was Bramhall's view, or pretence—that the Irish Church, when in 1634 she formally adopted the Thirty-nine Articles for the express purpose of manifesting her agreement with the Church of England, must be considered thereby to have abrogated them; and there would be some force perhaps in the allegation if there were any plain and manifest contradiction between the two documents. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the Irish confession is for the most part, as far as it goes, couched in the same words with the English, all the variations from which are of the nature of additions and explanations; and the first Irish Canon of 1634 expressly states that the one reason for adopting the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England was to manifest their agreement with that Church. And in fact the proposal that the Irish Articles should at this time be ratified was negatived in Parliament, on the express ground that they had been fortified by all the authority that the Church could give them, and that any attempt at confirming them would imply some defect in their authority. Accordingly, for many years the clergy of the Church of Ireland signed both forms, though this practice has never been in force since the Restoration of Charles II.

It is no part of our business here either to defend or attack the existing practice of exacting the signatures of the clergy to a document which admits of so large an amount of contradiction in its interpretation, but we think it unquestionable that the Irish Articles are a fair and legitimate development of the English Articles of 1562. And whilst the Church of England may be congratulated on its freedom from so narrow an interpretation as that fixed upon them by the Irish Establishment, we think it is undeniable that the Church of Ireland is still bound by formularies which it has once adopted unanimously in full Convocation, and which have never since been formally repealed or abrogated.

It is scarcely needful to add that what we have alleged as to the preservation of the Irish Articles in conjunction with the English, in the arrangements made in 1634, applies with equal force to the period of the amalgamation of the English and Irish Churches in 1800 by the Act of Union. Unless it can be shown that these Articles have been formally abrogated by the same power that enforced them, they stand in full force at the present day. And we think most of our readers who know much of Irish ecclesiastical affairs will agree with us that the Irish Establishment has scarcely ever shown any signs of life or activity except in its opposition to Popery, and its adhesion to those Calvinistic doctrines which were adopted in the Convocation of the year 1615.

#### OLD SPAIN.

WHILE we still wait and watch to see how Spain will shape her destiny, and while we hope, or rather desire, to witness some manifestation among her chiefs of capacity for government, and some approach towards her restoration to the place which she once held in Europe, it may be interesting to recall some passages of the history of an age when Spain was great, and to attempt some momentary revival of the faded glories of the Spanish arms. The most splendid deeds of Spanish valour were performed in the New World. The morality of the *conquistadores* of America must be judged by the standard proper to their time, but their courage and endurance will be judged by a standard which is invariable.

The greatest among these great men, Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was born at Medellin, a village of Estremadura. He was destined for the profession of the law, but as his lively spirit did not suffer him to make much progress in that tedious path, he accompanied the Governor Ovando, the successor of Columbus, to the New World, which at that time afforded the most tempting prospect to ambitious dispositions. He served his apprenticeship to Indian warfare in the campaigns which ended in the conquest of the great islands of Hispaniola and Cuba. He was chosen by Velasquez, the conqueror and Governor of Cuba, to lead an expedition against Mexico in 1519. If Velasquez had known how far his lieutenant's abilities surpassed his own, he would never have given him the opportunity to eclipse his commander, as he soon did. But Cortez concealed his great capacity for action until the time for action came. The wonderful and rapid success which he attained was due to the combination of many qualities in his character. He was no less astute and artful than he was energetic and courageous. On one point only he was unyielding, and that was in regard to his religion. Indeed, he sometimes surpassed in zeal, as far as he fell behind in discretion, the priests who accompanied his expeditions. In this respect the conduct of Cortez was thoroughly undiplomatic. Among the forces by which the Spaniards overthrew the empire of the Aztecs were some of which diplomacy ordinarily takes no account. Although the soldiers with whom Cortez landed in Mexico were only five hundred in number, they were five hundred heroes inspired by the strongest of human motives—lust of gain, and fiery zeal for their faith. By their valour and his own policy Cortez soon gained a footing in the capital of Mexico, and it seems probable that he would have maintained himself without further fighting, but that he was assailed in rear by a force which Velasquez had sent from Cuba to displace his presumptuous and too successful deputy. Cortez marched towards the coast, leaving his lieutenant, Alvarado, with a garrison, in the city of Mexico. Cortez surprised and defeated Narvaez, whom Velasquez had sent to supersede him, and he persuaded many of the soldiers of his rival to attach themselves to his rising fortunes. It is wonderful how the Spaniards in America fell to fighting among themselves, as if they had not enemies enough among the natives. The hostility of Velasquez enormously increased the difficulties of Cortez, for, during his forced absence from Mexico, Alvarado, by faithlessness and violence, provoked a general rising of the Aztecs against the Spaniards, whom at first they had venerated as divine beings. Cortez returned to face the storm which he could not control. The Spanish garrison was driven out of Mexico, and compelled to retreat by night along the causeway which traversed the lake in which that city stood, and which connected it with the land. The bridges on this causeway had been broken down in the Spaniards' front, and innumerable enemies in canoes assailed their flanks. The horrors of the *noche trista*, as it is called, would have deterred a less resolute commander, but Cortez clung steadfastly to his purpose. With the shattered remnants of his army he retreated to the friendly country of Tlascala, and there made deliberate preparation for the siege of Mexico. He built ships, and launched them upon the lake; and, having formed a fresh

army of Spaniards and auxiliary Indians, and re-established by successful expeditions his reputation which had suffered by his retreat, he invested Mexico by water and land, and, after three months of obstinate and bloody conflict, he compelled what remained undestroyed of that city to surrender. The Aztecs were the most formidable native enemies that the Spaniards encountered in America. They had large numbers, fierce courage, and a system of government which enabled their Emperor to combine and direct their energies for the expulsion of the Spaniards. But the hold of Cortez upon Mexico was not to be shaken off. Having conquered the city, he speedily became master of all the country between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The isthmus of Darien was first crossed by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa in 1513. A few years afterwards the Spaniards founded a settlement at Panama, and thus acquired a basis of operation against Peru. The triumvirate, as it has been called, of Pizarro, Almagro, and Luque, was formed at Panama in 1524. It took them longer, and proved more difficult, to reach Peru than to conquer it. An arduous voyage through ten degrees of latitude separated the Bay of Panama from the Bay of Guayaquil, where Pizarro landed and found that he had reached the gate of the rich empire of Peru. But he could not hope to conquer that empire with a few sailors only; so he returned to Panama, and thence to Spain, to report that he had discovered a country where the people drew water with golden buckets. He visited his native place, Truxillo, in Estremadura, where his brothers and the friends of his youth enlisted under his banner, and returned with him to Panama. Thus Pizarro got together a fleet of three ships provided with some small cannon, twenty-five horses, and one hundred and eighty foot-soldiers, only a few of whom were armed with firelocks. We can never read the accounts of any of these expeditions of discovery and conquest without being struck with admiration at the greatness of the results which were produced with slender means. Horses were perhaps more terrible to the Indians in war than even firearms, and therefore Pizarro, like Cortez and all the other conquerors, was determined, at any cost, to take with him a small force of cavalry. We may conceive what the cost and risk must have been of transporting horses, first by sea from Spain to the coast of the Caribbean Sea, then across the mountains to Panama, and thence by sea to the Bay of Guayaquil. It almost seems that the horses as well as the men of those times could bear knocking about better than their descendants in our own day. The Spanish conquerors of America certainly deserved the praise which is given to them by one of their own historians, that no soldiers in the world ever surpassed them in their capacity for enduring hardships and privations. And the horses were worthy of the riders, for many of them served through campaigns of extraordinary difficulty; and, in fact, they contributed so largely to the success of these campaigns, that their posterity, if they had any, ought to have been ennobled by the King of Spain. It happened not seldom that these famous chargers were shod with silver, and wore golden bridles; but that was because those metals were sometimes much more plentiful in the Spanish camps than iron. The immediate spoil of Mexico disappointed the soldiers of Cortez, but the most greedy followers of Pizarro must have been satisfied with the plunder of Peru. A high degree of civilization had existed in that country for some centuries. The precious metals had been copiously used in the decoration of innumerable temples, and the Spaniards, when they had defeated and taken prisoner the Inca, had nothing to do but to strip the temples of their treasure and send it home. Pizarro defeated not only the Inca, but his own former associate, Almagro, with whom he quarrelled over the division of the immense territory and treasure which they had conquered. Almagro was taken prisoner and put to death, and thus Francisco Pizarro—who could neither read nor write, and who had been in his early years a herdsman at Truxillo—became ruler, in the name of the King of Spain, of all the vast and rich country of Peru. This conquest followed upon that of Mexico within twelve years, and both were effected in the service of the Emperor Charles V. As soon as Pizarro had made himself master of Peru, he sent his captain, Pedro de Valdivia, southward into Chili, which he subdued and colonized as far as the borders of Patagonia. The natives of this country, although not so big as had been represented, were found by the Spaniards to be very like the famous Scotchman with his sixpence. It was very difficult to rob them, and they had nothing of which they could be robbed. But from Peru the Spaniards turned their faces eastwards, and imagined that in the immense extent of country which lay between them and the Atlantic they would find nations even richer than the Peruvians whom they had despoiled.

The real El Dorado, where gold and silver were as plentiful as stones and pebbles in Old Spain, was never actually discovered. Peru, in the early days of the conquest, afforded a tolerably close imitation of it; but as fresh adventurers arrived continually from Europe, it was impossible to find ready-made fortunes for them all. They scorned the humble and useful work of colonization which is the basis of permanent prosperity. They had neither skill nor patience for agricultural operations, nor for mining, nor even to wait while the Indians whom they had enslaved worked in mining for their enrichment. Almagro actually marched over the silver mountains of Potosi without knowing of their wealth, and he turned back to fight with Pizarro for the visible treasure of the Inca. Thus the Spanish invaders overran almost the whole of Central and South America, in a few years, in search of El Dorado. To terrify their



enemies they took with them horses, and to sustain themselves they took with them pigs. That indefatigable campaigner, the pig, bore an important part in the Spanish conquest of America. Sebastian Benalcazar, an officer of Pizarro, marched northward to the sources of the river Magdalena, and reached the plateau of Bogota. Thither came at the same time Quesada, who had landed on the north coast, and marched up the river Magdalena; and Nicolas Federmann, who, with a body of German soldiers, at the command of the Emperor Charles V., and at the expense of a German merchant, had come over the mountains from the east, from the basin of the river Orinoco. By three simultaneous invasions the kingdom of the Muyscas of Bogota was shattered and destroyed. Then the three conquerors stood face to face, ready to decide their conflicting claims by a triangular battle, if they knew how to fight one. But they wisely determined to return to Spain, to submit their rival claims to the decision of the Emperor.

Next to Francisco Pizarro, who conquered Peru, the greatest leaders of his immediate time were—Valdivia, who conquered Chili to the south; Benalcazar, who conquered Bogota to the north; and Gonzalo, one of the brothers of Francisco Pizarro, who, starting from Quito, traversed the Andes, and he or his followers marched or sailed down the whole course of the river Amazon, from its source to its junction with the Atlantic. Gonzalo Pizarro is called, by the historian Herrera, "a great enemy to repose." He took little pleasure in what was gained and known. The unknown, with its illimitable treasures, ever lured him onward to fresh exploits. The country which the Pizarros had conquered, and over which they ruled, extended from Quito to Cuzco, over fifteen degrees of latitude. But as they stood upon the Andes, they looked down towards the measureless plains of Central South America, into which the mighty rivers ran from the mountains, with longing and excited expectation. They could not believe that the narrow strip of country between the Andes and the Pacific was the only richly-cultivated district of South America, and that every other part was merely wilderness inhabited by naked Indians. Among forests and morasses they sought for a new Peru, before they had explored the wealth of that Peru over which they already ruled. During fifty years the aspirations of Europe had been directed towards the West, but now the Spaniards turned their faces to the East; and as Columbus had traversed the sea in search of El Dorado, Gonzalo Pizarro, with the same object, prepared to traverse an unknown and almost equally extensive land. The means at his command were far greater than those of which his brother had disposed, but the direct result which he achieved was small. He marched from Quito with 350 picked soldiers, among whom were 150 horsemen; and he took with him 4,000 Indians, 5,000 pigs, sheep, and goats, and 1,000 dogs. After two years of wandering and suffering he returned to Quito, with a small handful of sick and weary men, clothed in rags. As he descended the last spurs on the eastern side of the Andes, he encountered one of those terrible earthquakes for which that region has acquired an unhappy notoriety. When his army reached the plains, a deluge of rain for fifty days buried the entire face of the country in mud, so that they supposed they had reached the great main-sewer of the whole world. To the snow and ice of the mountains had succeeded suffocating warmth and damp. But the courage of the Spaniards only rose higher as they marched on through fire and water, through cold and heat, into the wilderness. They questioned the poor inhabitants of the swamps and forests, and gathered from them, as they thought, that further to the east were mighty and wealthy kingdoms, with numerous populations and splendid cities, and ample means of satisfying the ever-burning thirst for gold. They marched on until they reached the river Napo, one of the greatest of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, and the natives informed them that it ran into "the Sweet Sea." They were sure that, if they could only reach the great river which bore this name, they would find rest and plenty. They built a brigantine, and launched her on the Napo, and Pizarro gave the command of her to a knight named Orellana, and ordered him to sail down the Napo to its confluence with the Amazon, while Pizarro led the remnant of his army along the river's bank. Orellana reached the Amazon, abandoned his commander and comrades to their fate, sailed down the Amazon to its mouth, and thus earned by treachery the honour of one of the greatest discoveries of that age of marvels. Pizarro and his comrades had among them no iron except their swords—nor even any gold, which would have been a very poor substitute; so they could not build another vessel. Through forests and morasses and over mountains they struggled back to Quito, where eighty famished and ragged men, grasping swords scabbardless and almost eaten away by rust, and two lean dogs, appeared two years after the departure from the same place of a splendid and boastful army.

Along with Columbus, Cortez, and Francisco Pizarro, the Spaniards reckon as the fourth of the chief *conquistadores* of America Hernando de Soto, who explored the mouth of the Mississippi and conquered, or at least fought and died in, Florida. He was the son of a poor nobleman, and he began the world with nothing but his coat of arms, his sword, and shield. He served under Pizarro in Peru, and being sent to meet the Inca, his foaming and rearing steed struck the Peruvians with astonishment and terror. Soto died on the banks of the Mississippi, and his followers, dreading that if they buried him on land the Indians would

desecrate his remains, loaded his coffin with stones and sank it in the river bed. His funeral has been compared to that of Alaric the Goth, whose body the distant ancestors of the Spaniards cast into an Italian river; and, in truth, the history of the Old World can hardly produce any name so mighty that the names of the *conquistadores* may not deserve to be placed beside it. The Spaniards of that day were cast in a heroic mould, but the wealth after which they craved destroyed the virtues by which they gained it. Happy was the fate of our own country, whose seamen were forbidden to approach the tropics, and acquired amid polar ice a hardihood before which the successors of the *conquistadores* quailed. In fifty years from the discovery of America the Spaniards founded a far-reaching and magnificent dominion. In another fifty years the English shook that dominion to its foundation. From that time to the present the energy of Spain has dwindled, and both the old country and her colonies, or what is left of them, have been given over to decrepitude and decay. It is still an open question, after a year of revolution, whether she has it in her to begin a new and vigorous life, and whether she has among her leaders men capable of displaying the courage and policy of the old *conquistadores*.

#### CURRENT DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

##### II.

IN speaking lately of the poverty of invention under which the modern stage languishes, we ought to have excepted one class of dramatic compositions, which are produced with inexhaustible fertility. The elements of a successful burlesque are happily always to be had for money. Take any slight story, and, if possible, let it be one that is generally known. A young prince, who may be played by a pretty girl, is indispensable; and there must be a princess to be made love to by the prince, who must of course be played by another pretty girl. Then there will be an emperor or king, and a lord chamberlain or some other high officer of state, and usually there will be demons or fairies, or some sort of supernatural machinery. The songs and choruses must introduce a few well-known airs. But the great attraction of almost all these entertainments is the dancing, which of course is, or can be made, appropriate to any scene of any play. It is perhaps wonderful that performers of both sexes should contribute equally to the success of the most popular parts of these burlesques, as they appear to do. The influence of female grace and beauty is indisputable, but the pleasure which the majority of spectators derive from the antics of the male performers of grotesque dances is difficult to understand. There is, however, a much more wonderful and equally indispensable feature of all these plays—we mean the puns with which the dialogue is interspersed. Nobody cares much for the dialogue, and nobody cares at all for the puns, and yet they are as inevitable as the boots and silk stockings of the young lady who performs the prince. There seems to be a sort of rivalry among burlesque dramatists in doing as strange things with words as some of their characters do with legs and arms. After much research we think that we have discovered an original feature of current dramatic literature in this inexorable necessity for violent and outrageous punning. It is highly creditable to the dramatists that they should take all this trouble to satisfy an exigency which has been created nobody can tell how. They labour for the love of art, or what they suppose to be art, alone; for we cannot believe that, if all the puns were to be left out of one of these burlesques, it would be in the smallest degree less successful. The emotion which these verbal intricacies excite is at most the same which is felt when a contortionist ties his limbs into a knot. We vaguely wonder how the author contrived to write it, and still more how he brought himself to publish it. We must remember, however, that the composers of these entertainments are pleased to call themselves dramatic authors, and they probably desire to do something which may appear to deserve the name. If it were once admitted that the success of a burlesque depended solely upon the introduction and arrangement of pretty faces and graceful figures, it would be difficult to claim for such a composition any place in literature. But in truth the credit of such a success belongs first and chiefly to nature, whose gifts the young ladies who perform in it display with delightful prodigality; and secondly, and in about equal proportions, to the teachers of the arts and the purveyors of the dresses which give variety and finish to this display. The dramatic author, feeling himself in the uncomfortable position of fifth wheel of the coach, labours assiduously at the manufacture of what it pleases him to believe are jokes, in order to keep up the illusion that he is contributing to the progress of the vehicle. It would be an extravagant and unjustifiable violation of truth to say that he does much more than any little boy who takes a fancy to push behind. The maker of the boots in which the young prince walks the stage does very much more, and in fact, if the young prince only looks and moves prettily on the stage, it matters as little as possible what he says or what he does, and still less who is the author by whom his sayings and doings have been invented. The burlesque is a species of dramatic composition which aims at something very far short of awakening a universal interest. It would be impossible to entertain concerning one of these pieces the hope expressed by Rosalind that between the men and the women the play may please, because

it would be ridiculous to suppose that women in general really care about seeing other women made more attractive in the eyes of men than they are, or can even suppose themselves capable of becoming. We do not of course assume that all women would desire, if they could, to imitate the airs and graces of the young prince in a burlesque; but the success of a pretty actress is not the more agreeable to her sex because they are able to assure themselves that they are not actresses, and perhaps are not even pretty. We should think that a burlesque must be as amusing to a party of ladies as the half-hour in a ball-room during which the gentlemen are taking supper below stairs. Of course we cannot speak from actual knowledge, but we have been informed and believe that during this interval some young lady is requested to sing something, or several couples of young ladies perform a waltz. But, whether women in general are pleased or not with burlesque, it is undeniable that burlesque is not intended to please women. This article is manufactured for the consumption of men, and specially for that class of men who are called "swells." It is an article which requires for its manufacture a combination of various products of nature and art, a liberal expenditure of money, and much skill of a particular kind in expending it. The successful manufacturer derives handsome profits from his commodity. We grudge neither his success nor its reward, but when he calls himself a "dramatic author" we are reminded of the story of a manufacturer of monuments in what was called in old times the New Road, who took a trip to Rome and introduced himself to Canova, saying that "he understood that like himself he was in the stone and marble line."

The decline in England of what may be distinguished as the grand ballet has been accompanied by an enormous rise in the popularity of dancing as a means of theatrical entertainment. It would not be easy to reckon how many London theatres depend upon burlesque for their attractions, and the success of a burlesque depends upon the number and variety of its dances. There probably were frequenters of the Italian Opera as it used to be who were critical in ballets, and could even undertake to distinguish one ballet from another. But a person who went less frequently, or observed less accurately, might hastily assume that all ballets were alike, since the purpose of all of them seemed to be to afford opportunities to a lady in a short gauze skirt to walk upon her toes. Burlesque is coming to be what ballet was, and as soon as you have got what may be distinguished as the graceful and the comic element of your dances, the author's work is done, and, let him pun ever so cleverly, no one heeds him. Let us look, for example, at what the advertisements call the "glorious burlesque" which is now being performed at the Strand Theatre. The piece called the *Pilgrim of Love* was written some time ago, and is now revived. It seems to have been composed with considerable care, and the author probably attached great importance to his choice of words. But in the interval which has elapsed since this piece was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1860, the ideas of managers of what is necessary for success in burlesque have undergone considerable development. We shall see this clearly if we compare the original cast of characters with the present. The young Prince Ahmed is represented as under the contending influences of a good and an evil genius. The evil genius at the Haymarket was Mr. Coe, who is a well-known actor. The evil genius at the Strand is a young lady, whose face is remarkable for pretty insipidity. There are other young ladies in the company whose faces are in various ways remarkable, and it must have been by way of a joke that the manager gave the part of the evil genius to one who looks as if she had neither energy nor audacity to do wrong, nor in fact to do anything whatever. We hope that we shall not be considered disrespectful to this young lady if we say that she seems to be the sort of person who would be almost insurmountably difficult to converse with during a quadrille. We should as soon expect to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury swearing as to hear this young lady say anything wicked, and indeed we should not expect to hear her say anything beyond monosyllabic answers to our remarks. It may, or may not, be taken as a compliment by the young lady who plays the good genius, if we confess to having undergone considerable perplexity before we could decide which angel belonged to light and which to darkness. The speeches allotted to these young ladies were, if possible, more bewildering than their looks. The fairy whom we afterwards ascertained to be good counselled the young prince to run away from his tutor and fall in love. The fairy whom, in spite of an appearance of child-like innocence, we were ultimately convinced was wicked, warned the same young prince that people who married in haste often repented at leisure. However, it may be that this combination of simplicity and wisdom is merely a new device of Satan which has been detected by the manager of the Strand Theatre. He at any rate may be supposed to know his own business, and he considers that an evil spirit is adequately represented by a girl of ordinary face and figure, who can dance moderately well, and is willing to exhibit her person as fairies both good and evil do upon the stage. We do not like to speak positively on a point of great importance, but if our recollection is correct, the wicked spirit wore rather longer petticoats than the good spirit, and perhaps after all that is the real distinction. We remarked the appearance of this white devil all the more because a neighbouring theatre has its burlesque in which there occurs a demon who is got up with a hooked nose and a suit of black and scarlet in the proper way to make little boys tremble if they happen to lie awake at night after being taken to the play. There is, we suppose, considerable competition

among managers for that limited portion of the playgoing public which is now in London, and it may be that the attractions of the Gaiety Theatre would be heightened if the actor who plays the demon were to make room for one more young lady whose style of beauty should be slightly different from those who are now engaged. And here we approach a view of the subject which we respectfully submit to the consideration of the Lord Chamberlain, who, if he has been vainly adjured to aid morality, will not, as we hope, refuse to come when summoned to the rescue of religion. This frittering away, if we may so speak, of the devil, has been carried far enough, and we summon all preachers who know how useful Satan is to them in their pulpits to co-operate with us in resisting all attempts to put him into even the shortest petticoats. This revival of the *Pilgrim of Love* tamperers, we regret to say, not only with religion, but with law. We find in the original programme the character of a parrot who is described as "having a barrister-like appearance through his plumage." But although the present programme describes this parrot as "formerly in the law," the manager has not made the least attempt to fulfil the promise thus held out to the public. We do not consider that pearl-grey silk stockings and high-heeled satin boots have at all "a barrister-like appearance," but we are bound to admit that the manager has treated the lawyer more respectfully than the devil, since he has put the latter into short petticoats, but the former, so far as we can remember, had no petticoats at all. We observe that the original parrot was Mr. Clark, an actor of comic talent. We do not say that Mr. Clark's successor has not talent, and we do not say she has, for we do not know. It cannot be of the smallest consequence whether she has or not. We have heard that a theatrical aspirant went to a well-known actor, and desired him to teach her burlesque acting. He told her that he could not. If he had known Latin, he might have said of the thing she wanted, *nascitur non fit*, and he should have added that it was very important that her boots should fit.

## REVIEWS.

### FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.—VOL. III.

(Second Notice.)

WE now pass to the second division of Mr. Freeman's volume, in which he has followed the career of Harold's great rival from the field of Val-es-Dunes to the eve of Senlac. The victory of his boyhood had set William firmly on his throne, but his first effort to secure it by the Flemish match with Matilda plunged him into fresh difficulties from within and from without. The curious problems which this match opens up, the real character of the affinity between the two lovers, the nature and history of the Papal prohibitions, the novel doubts about Matilda's previous marriage, afford Mr. Freeman an opportunity of which he has ably availed himself for the display of his powers of exact and critical inquiry. But the bridal is yet more memorable as marking the point where men began to discern the elevation of the Duke's character above the level of his time:—

It was before all things necessary that William should, with all speed, raise up sons of his own to sit on his dual chair. And it is to the eternal honour of the young Duke that there was no fear of the rights of William's lawful sons being interfered with by the claims of any elder but unlawful issue. There was no fear of William's bride, whoever she might be, having to share her place in his house or in his heart with any unlawful or irregular consort. Alone of all his race, William set an example to all the princes of his time of a domestic life of unsullied purity. . . . No mistress, no Danish wife, appeared in William's days in the palace of Rouen; and this virtue, so unusual in one surrounded by all the temptations of youth and power, seems to have become the subject of foolish and brutal jests among the profligate scoffers of his Court. The private life of William is a bright feature among the varied traits of his strangely mingled character.

The scoffers soon learnt, in the suppression of revolt and the defeat of invasion, that purity had not unnerved the Duke's strong arm. The rebellion of William of Arques indeed tempts Mr. Freeman back into one of the worst of his older faults from which, as a whole, this volume is free; it is told in twenty pages, while its real importance entitled it to twenty lines. But it is pleasant to ramble, as this story enables us to ramble, through the bright, cheerful Norman land, to stand, as Mr. Freeman has stood, on the slopes of Val-es-Dunes, or beside the fosse of Arques, or "in the space between the two hills, a little way from the road" to Neufchâtel, where, "almost hidden by trees, lie the shell of a round tower on the mound, a church of but small attractions," and the few scattered houses and gardens that still mark the site of Mortemer. Mr. Freeman marks with perfect precision the new light thrown by the character of the campaign on the development of the Duke:—

The whole story is eminently characteristic of William, and indeed of his people. No people of warriors were ever more ready than the Normans to exchange, whenever need called for the exchange, the skin of the lion for that of the fox. Assuredly neither William the Bastard nor Robert Wiiscard was at all lacking in any form of courage. But it was, after all, their craft rather than their courage which set them so high above the rest of the world. It is quite possible that seven years may have abated somewhat of that impetuous energy of early youth with which William spurred across the plain of Val-es-Dunes to smite the rebel Bayeux with his own hand. He may have learned perhaps from the teaching of King Henry himself, that it is not always the duty of a general to

\* *History of the Norman Conquest of England, &c.* By E. A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. III. Reign of Harold and the Interregnum. Oxford: 1869.



thrust himself forward wherever danger happens to be keenest. But it is certain that twelve years later William was as ready as he had ever been for deeds of the highest personal prowess, whenever personal prowess was the surest way to success. The difference between William and most men of his age was that he had now learned that it was no mark of wisdom or of courage to run risks that might be avoided, or to jeopard his own life and the lives of his followers when the same object might be gained by easier means. . . . Most princes of his time would have sought eagerly for a pitched battle. Most of the few princes who might have shrunk from a pitched battle would have been unable to form an intelligible military plan of any other kind. William, evidently seconded by men who understood him, knew how to win victories without fighting. His dominions were invaded by two powerful armies at once. He laid his plans; he bode his time. One army was cut to pieces with hardly the loss of a Norman life. The other was hurried out of the land without so much as striking a blow.

If Mortemer showed a capacity for the ruses of war worthy of Lord Peterborough, Varaville showed a mastery of the strategy of battles which ranks him amongst the greatest generals. It is the first modern instance of the principle so successfully applied afterwards by Napoleon at Austerlitz, and by Wellington at Salamanca. At the passage of the Dive, William waited till the bridge divided the forces of the French King, and then flung himself with his whole force on the abandoned rear. The victory is memorable, too, as won by the deadly weapon which, fatal to England at Senlac, was to be identified with her military renown at Cressy and Agincourt. "For the first time in our story, the thunder-shower of the Norman arrows is heard of as carrying dismay and slaughter among the ranks of the enemy." It left William secure from invasion, and the successive deaths of his chief opponents, King Philip and Count Geoffrey of Anjou, opened the way for his conquest of Le Mans. Mr. Freeman has pointed out the strange similarity of his mode of procedure in this case with that which he was so soon to adopt in the case of England, and especially "the aspect of strict legality" with which, in either instance, he strove to invest his claims:—

While winning Maine, William was beyond all doubt planning how he might win England. He was feeling his way; he was learning his trade; he was practising his 'prentice hand in the great arts of diplomacy and invasion.

But, to our mind, he was practising it unconsciously. Utterly baseless as we agree with Mr. Freeman in holding William's claim on England to have been, we doubt whether a suspicion of its baselessness ever crossed his mind. It is eminently necessary, in a case of this kind, to endeavour to see his claims as William saw them. He did not, in any strict sense, "claim the crown." He claimed the right, which he afterwards used when his sword had won it, of presenting himself for election. He believed—no doubt, without good grounds, but he did believe—that he was entitled so to present himself by a direct commendation of the Confessors. The actual election which stood in his way he did not recognise as valid; and, hurried over as it was without any special convocation of the Witan, and repudiated as it at once was by Northumbria, we can hardly wonder at his belief. That the Witan would have rejected him, whatever the mode of its convocation might have been, we have little doubt; but the supposition that he had a right to present himself for their choice argues no great ignorance, on William's part, of the English Constitution. But with this constitutional claim was inextricably blended a wholly different matter—namely, the private wrong which Harold, as the Normans alleged, had done to William, and the private vengeance which William resolved to exact for it from Harold. Mr. Freeman has done his best to disentangle the two, but even in his mind they remain strangely confused. In his account of the negotiations with Rome, for instance, we have a great flourish of Anglican trumpets about the pretensions of the Papacy to adjudge the Crown of England. Is it not possible that the case submitted to Pope Alexander was simply "in foro conscientie," that which Malinesbury calls "the justice of the war" as a quarrel against a man forsworn to his lord? That Rome—if such a quarrel were to be fought out—would back the combatants who promised to bring ecclesiastical affairs in England to a condition of something like common decency, might be expected. But was the war, even on this ground, a just one? Mr. Freeman points out clearly enough, from our modern point of view, that the wrongdoing of Harold furnished no just ground for shedding the blood of Englishmen; but even in modern times we have not learnt practically to dissociate the private acts of rulers and the public responsibility of their subjects. Where he has been more successful is in his elaborate analysis of the conflicting evidence as to the alleged oath of Harold. That it could not, whatever its nature, bind the realm, is of course clear; but Mr. Freeman has thrown an air of high probability over the supposition that it did bind Harold to marry a daughter of the Duke's, and that the marriage with Eadgyth of Mercia was not concluded till after Harold's accession to the throne. If this were so, it would account for not a little of the irritation of William, and for the universal belief in a "treason" of a peculiar and defiant sort, while the decision of Rome—to which even Mr. Freeman's Anglicanism would hardly refuse the right of exercising a moral censorship even over "the Emperor of Britain"—would become intelligible enough.

We are forced, however, to pass from these tempting topics to the bustle and stir of William's preparations for the invasion. His difficulties were, if we duly consider them, enormous. England and England's strength were all that the terror of his Parliament at Lillebonne pointed them. He had to win over a reluctant baronage. He could reckon on no internal support, and the invasion of Tostig seemed to have failed even ridiculously. Mr. Freeman has pointed out the effect on the character of the Conquest

of the motley host which William was forced to gather from every quarter of France. And this motley host of adventurers he, with a treasury less richly stocked than his rival's, had to keep for months together. Instead of simply summoning ships, like Harold, from the sea-ports of his realm, he had to create a fleet, to cut down the trees, to build, to launch, to man. Amid all this he found time, not merely for the common business of government, but for negotiations with the Empire, with Swend, with Philip of France, with Brittany and Anjou, with Baldwin of Flanders, above all with Hildebrand and Rome. Mr. Freeman has done justice to the ability of Harold in his watch along the coast; he has dealt less warmly with the supreme ability of William. But the real greatness of the man has never yet been so largely and philosophically painted as in the account of his Norman rule which this volume contains.

At length all was ready, and the mighty struggle began. On the 27th of September a change of wind set free the long-prisoned armament of the Norman Duke, and on the morning of the 28th his ships were already anchored off the shingly beach of Pevensey. To the voyage, familiar as it is to us, Mr. Freeman has added a picturesque touch here and there from the Tapestry, while he has grouped with great effect round the site of the Duke's landing the earlier associations of the Roman Anderida. The news was borne rapidly to Harold at York, and the days that elapsed between the landing and the battle were spent in his march to London, his muster, and his advance to Senlac. Even after Mr. Freeman's efforts the chronology of this difficult period remains puzzling enough; but we pass quickly from these details to his masterly illustration of the strategy of the two generals. The immobility of William on the southern coast, and his barbarous waste of the country round, were as completely the proof of sound military judgment as the encampment of Harold:—

There can be little doubt that William's ravages were not only done systematically, but were done with a fixed and politic purpose. It was William's object to fight a battle as soon as might be. But it was not his object to advance for this purpose far into the country, to seek for Harold wherever he might be found. So to do would have been to cut himself off from his own powerful base of operations, and from his only hope of retreat in case of defeat. It was William's object to bring Harold down to the sea-coast, to tempt him to an attack on the Norman camp, or to a battle on the level ground. In either of these cases the Norman tactics would have a distinct advantage over the English. It is impossible to doubt that the systematic harrying of the whole country round Hastings was done with the deliberate purpose of provoking the English King, and of bringing him in all haste to defend his subjects.

To outward seeming William's policy appeared to have won success when Harold marched from London to seek his foe. But if the King had resolved to give battle he had resolved to give it "on his own ground and after his own fashion." To a host subsisting by pillage and naturally scattered, as was the Duke's, to concentrate was to starve. Harold saw clearly that his approach would force William to draw his forces together, and that the army thus gathered must at once fight its foe wherever it might find him. In other words Harold chose his own battle-ground and forced William to accept it. Mr. Freeman has omitted the cause that thus forced an engagement on the Duke, but he points out clearly enough that Harold was the winner in the game of strategy, and that his selection of the actual battle-field was only the judicious close of his manœuvres:—

He determined to give battle, but he determined to give battle on his own ground and after his own fashion. All probability goes against the belief that Harold designed anything so fool-hardy as an attack by night or by day on the Norman camp. . . . The nature of the post which he chose distinctly shows the contrary; it distinctly shows what Harold's real plan was. It was to occupy a post where the Normans would have to attack him at a great disadvantage. . . . The great campaign of Hastings was thus in truth a trial of skill between the two greatest of living captains. Each of them, it may fairly be said, to some extent compassed his purpose against the other. William constrained Harold to fight, but Harold in his turn constrained William to fight on ground of Harold's own choosing. . . . He must have known Sussex well, and he had clearly from the beginning chosen in his own mind the spot on which he would give battle. His march was strictly a march to the actual spot on which the battle was to be fought. His course lay along the line of the great road from London to the south coast. He halted on a spot which commanded that road and which also commanded the great road eastward from William's present position. He hastened on through those Kentish and South Saxon lands which had been the cradle of his house and which contained so large a portion of his own vast estates. He halted at a point distant about seven miles from the head-quarters of the invaders, and pitched his camp upon the ever-memorable heights of Senlac.

The beautiful map of the battle-field which we owe to Sir Henry James is illustrated by a very minute description, and Mr. Freeman points out for the first time what light is thrown on the incidents of the battle by the physical accidents of the ground on which it was fought. Along the higher ground that leads to Hastings the Duke led his men in the dim October morning to the mound of Telham. It was from thence that the Normans first saw, across the broken, difficult ground between, the host of the English gathered thickly behind fosse and palisade on the jutting height of Senlac:—

The proud horsemen and archers of Normandy might indeed, like the Medes of old, wonder at the tactics which opposed them without the help of bow or steel, but they could hardly like their fore-runners impute madness to the immovable wedge of men which, as if fixed to the ground by nature, covered every inch of the opposite hill. The whole height was alive with warriors; the slopes, strong in themselves, were still further strengthened by the firm barricades of ash and other timber, wattled in so closely together that not a crevice could be seen. Up the slopes, through the barricades, the enemy had to make their way in the teeth of ranks of men, ranged so closely together in the thick array of the shield-wall that while they simply kept their ground the success of an assailant was hopeless.

For six long hours of fight the ground was kept. The shout of "God help us" from the one side was met by that of "God Almighty" from the other. In his almost single reference to modern literature Mr. Freeman aptly cites by way of comparison the "one enormous shout of Allah" in *Don Juan*. "The old Teutonic tactics, carried on that day to perfection by the master-skill of Harold, proved too strong for the arts and valour of Gaul and Roman." The repulse of the Norman infantry was followed by the repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the Duke rallied them and led them to the fatal barricades. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valour that had spurred over the slopes of Val-es-Dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the fertility of resource, the flexible intelligence, the capacity for large combination that had shone at Mortemer and Varaville. In words of almost Homeric fire Mr. Freeman tells how the Duke, maddened at the first symptom of flight, spurred right at the standard; how, unhorsed, the terrible mace struck down Gyrth, while Leofwine fell beside him; how again, dismounted, a blow from his hand smote to earth the disobedient rider who would not yield him his steed; how, amid the roar and tumult of the battle, he turned the very flight which he had so hardly arrested into the means of victory. A feigned retreat drew its defenders from the right, and the Bretons won the western plateau of the hill, while the French, under cover of William's terrible onslaught in the centre, had made good their ascent upon the east. At three the hill seemed won; at six the fight still raged around the standard. There, at the memorable spot marked afterwards by the High Altar of the Abbey of Battle, the English King still stood, the centre of his Hæscars. It is impossible to compare his mere steady valour with the all-present energy of his mighty rival, but

While Harold lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of England failed not, the hope of England had not wholly passed away. Around the two-fold ensigns the war was still fiercely raging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed. The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in. New efforts, new devices were needed to overcome the resistance of the English, diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the living toil of that awful day. The Duke ordered his archers to shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced, eyes were put out, men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and in so doing they were of course less able to wield their axes. And now the supreme moment drew near. There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were hidden specially to aim with their truest skill. As twilight was coming on a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the standard. There Harold still fought; his shield bristled with Norman shafts; but he was still unwounded and unwearied. At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went still more truly to the mark. Falling like a bolt from heaven, it pierced the King's right eye; he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the standard.

With the fall of Harold the day was over, but Mr. Freeman still lingers on the battle-field to show the broken fragments of the host struggling against destiny, and to tell the last rally of the flying English in the bottom of Malfosse. If we pass over these it is because his account will to his readers speak for itself. Never has a battle in our history been told before with such minuteness of detail, with such precision of time and ground, with such military clearness, with such heroic force. Here and there, of course, we might wish a phrase away. Demonstratives like "now" and "there" are used far too profusely. But as a rule the English is nervous and manly in phrase, while the exalted tone which so often jars upon us in Mr. Freeman's lesser scenes is redeemed from all suspicion of rhetoric by the grandeur of this. If we cannot wholly sympathize with him in his Teutonism elsewhere, it is no small literary advantage to him here. Narrators like Thierry are very naturally carried away by the variety, the eventfulness, the final triumph of the attack. The battle becomes a new battle in the hands of one whose real sympathy is with the long endurance, the heroic patience, of the defence. The heart of Mr. Freeman is beneath the standard of Harold. Others have told the muster of the Norman array, have pointed out knight after knight as they defiled beside the Duke. Mr. Freeman is the first to show us the camp of the English, to penetrate among their serried masses, to rescue from oblivion the few names that remain of those that fought, to tell the last reforming of the shield-wall round the King, the spring of warrior after warrior to single combat, the desperate fighting on in the darkness, the last rally in the night. The mere change of historic front—if we may so say—throws a new light on the most familiar incidents. Take the well known charge that the English spent the night in song and revelry, the Normans in prayer. What a fresh colour the charge adds to the story in Mr. Freeman's defence!

We shall hardly deem the worse of our countrymen if that evening's supper by the camp-fires was enlivened by the spirit-stirring strains of old Teutonic minstrelsy. Never again were those ancient songs to be uttered by the mouth of English warriors in the air of a free and pure Teutonic England. They sang, we well may deem, the Song of Brunanburh and the Song of Maldon; they sang how Æthelstan conquered and how Britnott fell; and they sang, it well may be, in still louder notes the new song which the last English gleeman had put into their mouths,

How the wise King  
Made fast his realm  
To a high-born man,  
Harold himself,  
The noble Earl.

Of Harold himself we spoke sufficiently in our notice of Mr. Freeman's previous volume to render it needless to enter on the topic here. One little reflection, indeed, has made us less inclined to quarrel with Mr. Freeman's eulogies on Harold now than we were then. It is true that Mr. Freeman still terms him "great." But greatness, with Mr. Freeman, means less any personal quality than part of the necessary belongings of an "Emperor of Britain." If the Emperor, indeed, gets beaten in battle he has no more claim to greatness than a Mercian Earl. But if he be a well-conducted Emperor his claim is clear. Ælfred is great, and Æthelstan is great, and Edmund is great, and Eadgar is great, and Edmund Ironside is great, and Cnut is great, and Harold is great. So far indeed the phrase is endurable; but it tries us a little when it stoops to meaner men than Emperors. "The great Charles" and "the great Otto" are all very well, though we could bear to meet them now and then as plain "Otto" and "Charles"; but all our reverence for the Archbishop will hardly reconcile us to "the Great Dunstan"; and "the Great William" with big capitals recalls, we are sorry to say, only "the Divine Williams" of M. Victor Hugo. Without capitals indeed we are not inclined to deny greatness to William; on the contrary, he stands to our mind among the very greatest ones of the earth. To compare the narrow range, the petty history of Harold, with the genius of the Duke is to us much as if a man proclaimed "Chevy Chase" as great a work of poetry as the dramas of Shakspeare. The grandest scene in Mr. Freeman's book is the picture of William as he returns triumphant to the place of slaughter:—

A place of slaughter indeed it was when from morn till twilight the axe and javelin of England, the lance and bow of Normandy, had done their deadly work at the bidding of the two mightiest captains upon earth. Dead and dying men were heaped around, and nowhere were they heaped so thickly as around the fallen Standard of England. There, where the flower of England's nobility and soldiery lay stretched in death, there where the banner of the Fighting Man now lay beaten to the ground, the Conqueror knelt, he gave his thanks to God, and bade his own banner be planted as the sign of the victory which he had won. He bade the dead be swept aside; the dual tent was pitched in this, as it were, the innermost sanctuary of the Conquest, and meat and drink were brought for his repast in the midst of the ghastly trophies of his prowess. Then he took off his armour; his shield and helmet were seen to be dented with many heavy blows; but the person of the Conqueror was unhurt. He was hailed by the loud applause of his troops, likening him to Roland and Oliver and all the heroes of old. Again he returned thanks to God, again he thanked his faithful followers, and sat down to eat and drink among the dead.

#### THE GREEK "JOE MILLER."\*

ONE bright spot amidst the darkness that invests the page of memory connected with our Greek rudiments is that which gleams in the absurdities of "Scholastics." The elements of Latin are acquired without much conscious trouble before we are of an age to discern whether they are pleasant or dry. But remembrance clings by no means pleasantly to the dull and dreary Greek Grammar and Delectus, in which there is so little real pabulum for the more advanced and inquiring schoolboy. The first hint of anything lively or real to the beginner of Greek lay in those delightful pages of the *Analecta Minora* which contained two or three dozen of the Facetie of Hierocles. Whether that worthy was the same with the Alexandrian philosopher who commented on the *Aurea Carmina*, and wrote a treatise on *Providence and Fate*, was to the youthful mind a very secondary question compared with that of the possible tradition of his "foolish fellow's" jokes through a succession of clowns to the Mr. Merryman of the modern circus; and the author's literary merit was perhaps the last thing thought of by the many who still retain lively recollections of the jests which he compiled or concocted. Who is there but cherishes the story of the horseman who, on reaching a ferry-boat, insisted on going on board on horseback, because he wished to cross the water post-haste? Or of the naturalist who bought a crow for the express purpose of ascertaining whether it would live two hundred years? Or of the acute observer who, when in a shipwreck others clung to broken fragments of the vessel, followed suit by lashing himself to an anchor? About these stories there floated a delicious doubt as to the real calibre and constitution of our friend "Scholastics." Was he all fool, or all knave, or a mixed character, a sort of Proteus or chameleon in the phases of his folly? Some of his sayings and doings bewrayed the utter simpleton. Others had a glimmer of latent wit; others again suggested the knave rather than the fool. One thing, however, must have struck all youthful readers of these *ἀστεία* or "facetie." They were sadly too few. The caterers of our Greek elements might have baited their trap for juvenile scholars more surely and successfully had they multiplied *ad infinitum* such capital jests as those of Hierocles and Philagrius.

An edition of what we may term the "Greek Joe Miller," published this year at Berlin, enables us to ascertain how far such multiplication was possible; and, so far as we can judge from extant Greek facetie, the field is, after all, but a limited one. The *ἀστεία* of Hierocles (whom Donaldson seems to have seen no inconsistency in associating with the Neo-Platonist of that name, since Bacon's example illustrated the possibility of a philosopher being attracted to ludicrous stories) were first published at Ladenburg, by Marquard Freher, in 1605; and afterwards successively republished by Needham, in his edition of the Commentary of Pythagoras, at Cambridge in 1709, by Schier at Leipsic in 1768,

\* *Philogeios: Hieroclis et Philagrii Facetia*. Editio Alfred Eberhard. Berolini: Ebeling & Plahn. 1869.



and by Coray at Paris in 1812. It does not seem that these last were much of an improvement on the first edition; and the Parisian editor was clearly ignorant that a double number of Facetie had been edited fifty years before he brought out his edition, by J. De Rhoer, at Groningen, and were awaiting careful emendation. Of some of these F. Jacobs availed himself, and there were others floating about from other manuscripts, when M. Boissonade conceived the design of enlisting the services of Minoides Minas, the Greek whose name is so well known in connexion with the MSS. of Babrius, and whom Eberhard, the editor of the collection of jests now before us, describes pithily as "homo Græcus tot libris inventis, corruptis, ablatiis, subditis celebris," and, by the help of his search among manuscripts, editing a completer Greek jest-book than had hitherto seen the light. This edition appeared in 1848, but it is of the less authority because Boissonade, in editing, availed himself only of copies of MSS., and because Minas appears to have had no scruple as to intermingling, just as he pleased, his own words—of a very late and unclassical Greek—with those of the writers he professed to transcribe. The editor of the collection which lies before us, having lighted, while engaged on other literary inquiries at Berlin, upon valuable MSS. of the Facetie in the Library there, has, with the leave and co-operation of the authorities, brought out a much more accurate text of the extant *ἀντίδια*, and elucidated them here and there with notes, borrowed, where they served his purpose, from Boissonade, and in default of such, from his own head. The result is a tolerably readable collection, sorely difficult at times from the insertion of out-of-the-way words which are Latin in all but the Greek characters—e.g. *φιδλατόριον*, "fibulatorium," *ὀψικεύειν* "obsequi," or "obsequium præstare mortui memoriæ," and such-like crosses to the lover of classic Greek, but nevertheless worth the pains of mastering for the sake of the liberal addition that is thus made to the stock of Greek facetie, which in their measure deserve to rank alongside of Irish bulls. The comprehensive name for the whole is *Philogelos*, which will explain itself. Of the second member of the firm of "Hierocles and Philagrus" to which it is attributed, we can only guess that he may have been one Philager, a Cilician rhetor, and there is nothing much more certain as regards Hierocles. According to Eberhard, the date of *Philogelos*, as we have it, is about the ninth or tenth century; the date of its writers, about the fifth century A.D. There is a curious touch of the Greek Testament about much of its phraseology—e.g. *μὰ τὸν ἡμεῶν* (142), *πληρωσιν τῶν ὀρών* (56), *ἐλάσσει* "raptus est" (176); and the forms of oath that are used most frequently—e.g. *μὰ τὴν ἐμὴν σωτηρίαν*, *μὰ τὴν πατρίδος μου σωτηρίαν*—savour very strongly of Christian society. As to the various classes of persons on whom the jokes retailed in *Philogelos* are saddled, it is fair to say that not all, or nearly all, are referred to our old friend "Scholasticus." About one hundred and three begin with his well-remembered name. Then the miser (*φιλάνθρωπος*), as in our own jest-books, forms a framework on which to hang manifold facetie. Cowards, churls, unready or "slow" people, "hungerlings," as James Howell would say, drunkards, senseless men, and misogynists, have their separate sections in this jest-book, while two or three representative cities—Abdera, Sidon, Cumæ—contribute some of the best and quaintest materials for the annals of joke-lore. To Abdera belongs the tale of the *σχολαστικὸς* who would have hung himself, but the cord broke, and caused him a broken head. He went with all speed to the surgeon, and had his head plastered, and then duly executed his original design of suicide. It was an Abderite, according to the chronicle before us, who, having heard that onions and other bulbs *swell*, filled a sack with them, and when he was out at sea in a dead calm, hung it up astern, by way of coaxing up a wind. Another, having burned his deceased father "according to law," ran to the house where his mother lay sick, and thoughtfully reminded her that there still remained a little fuel, and that, if she was inclined and it was perfectly convenient, it might be well to make one job of it. After reading a dozen or more like proofs of Abderitan dulness—carried to such an extent that the capture of the western gates of their city by the foe did not seem a personal matter to the dullards at the east end of it—one does not marvel at the language which Martial, Juvenal, and Cicero use, in memorable passages, of the countrymen of Democritus. Not that the Sidonians were much better. To one of them attaches the credit of answering the question "How much does the five-half-pints flask contain?" by another question, "Do you mean of wine or of oil?" And another very good story hangs by a Sidonian doctor who took it ill that a patient, on his deathbed, left him only a thousand drachmæ. The patient's son fell sick, and called in, in due course, his father's physician. The latter must have had a keener eye to the main chance than to the irony of his stipulation when, in discussing terms, he said "If you'll leave me five thousand drachmæ in your will, I'll doctor you, as I did your father."

Aneut the Cumæans, too, some very good jokes are recorded. It was one of them, it appears, though the story has a world-wide range, who, when rain came on whilst he was bathing, plunged into deep water, to the end he might escape a wetting. Another, buying some ready-made window-frames, inquired "if he could have them to look to the south?" Another was asked where Dracontides the rhetorician dwelt. "I'm sorry," he replied, "that I'm all alone, but if you'll mind my shop, I'll come and show you." Another was engaged in selling honey, when, on hearing it praised and pronounced excellent, he had no more wit than to say, "Yes, if a mouse hadn't fallen into it, nothing should

induce me to sell it." The Cumæan patient who, when convalescent, shirked a doctor who had despaired of him in his sickness, "because," said he, "I'm ashamed not to verify your predictions," must have been of about the same intellectual calibre as the Cumæan doctor who, upon a patient crying out in his pain during a surgical operation, compassionately "changed his knife for a blunter one." One joke, however, is ascribed to the Cumæans which partakes of the nature of a repartee, and does not at all belong to a fraternity of dullards. "A man of note at Cumæ being buried, some one went up and asked the mourners (*τοὺς ὀφθαλμοκλάτας*) 'Who the dead man was?' A Cumæan turned round, and with an inclination of the hand said 'The person who lies on the bier.'" Almost as neat and telling is the retort which a churlish doctor with one eye (not a Cumæan) is recorded to have made to his patient. The doctor saluted him with an "How d'ye do?" "As you see," replied the patient. "Then," said the physician, "If you are as I see, you're half dead." This same sort of "inuendo" occurs in some of the replies credited to the *ἀντίδια* or "witless," who generally light upon their legs and justify themselves under the most difficult conditions. Thus we are told of a soothsayer who was taken prisoner, and forced to prophesy to his captors the issue of the impending fight. "You will conquer," said he oracularly, "if they don't steal your back-hair when you join battle"—in other words, "if you don't run away." Perhaps he meant to insinuate what Lord Bacon in his *Apophthegms* makes Julius Cæsar hint to a cowardly braggart who vaunted of hurts received in his face, "You were best take heed, next time you run away, how you steal back." That which characterizes the retorts of the astrologers, whom in this collection of facetie we are apt to find classed among the *ἀντίδια*, is generally stolid imperturbability. One of them casts, for a fond mother, her child's nativity. He is to be an orator, a prefect, a governor, all in due course. The child dies, and the mother demands back her fee, "because," said she, "he for whom you predicted these honours is dead." "Nay," he rejoined, "by the child's blessed memory, had he but lived he would have been all these!" And from other like examples we gather that soothsayers and astrologers were held very choice game for the shooters of folly. A great many of the jests are untranslatable into English, owing to the difference of expression between the two languages. Thus among the earliest of the jokes tacked to "Scholasticus" is one about the sale of a horse. A simpleton was doing a bit of horse-dealing, when a bidder asked him if it had shed its first teeth (*ὡς πρωτοδόλος ἴσθι*), where the Greek words might also mean "if it had made its first throw." He replied, "Ay, and second." "How so?" rejoined the other. "Why once," was the answer, "it threw me, and once my father!" Here it is manifest that the ambiguity arises from the Greek word standing equally for two ideas, whereas our language has no such convenient *double-entendre*. Another play on this word *πρωτοδόλος*, is equally amusing. In this case the communicative simpleton damages the sale of his nag by answering the query as to its teeth on this wise, "I only wish it walked as well as it eats." A like ambiguity of expression is the gist of the joke where, in a storm at sea, when the rest of the passengers were throwing out their valuables to lighten the ship, a foolish fellow wipes out with a sponge a third part of a bond for one million five hundred thousand, and says, *ὡς οὖτος κίματον ἱπικούφισα τὴν ναῦν*. Here *κίματα*, as Eberhard observes, means "undæ æris alieni," but it is very hard to represent this in English. Other like jokes are that about the fool whose sparrow (*πρηνέθιος*) died, and who, when he saw an ostrich (*στρουθιόκαμλον*), said that such would have been the size of his sparrow had it lived; and that about the patient for whom his doctor prescribed *τράγον* in the sense of "a mess of groats." The patient, taking *τράγον* in its common sense of "a goat," makes up his mind (and small blame to him) that if he can't find one, he'll eat two kids. Of this confusion of terms there is an old Greek proverb—

ἄμα ἀπὸ τῶν, οὗ ἀπηνόητος σάβας,

the English adage corresponding with which is "I talk of chalk and you of cheese." There are, moreover, several of these jests which hardly yield us thorough satisfaction, through the doubtful condition of the text, even in its improved state, or through the use of words, to which we have referred above, which are Greek only in character. But now and then we think Mr. Eberhard gives up the sense sooner than he need do; for instance, in Jest 74, which runs as follows:—A foolish fellow with a lean horse was accosted with the remark, *your horse looks near death's door!* (*ὡς ἵππος εἰς θάνατον ὄρεῖ*). He answered, *καὶ γὰρ βλάπτω*, words which, though the German editor professes not to understand them, seem to us to represent the simpleton's matter-of-fact remark, "And yet I'm alive and well." Another turns on the meaning of the word *βίρρος*, "a cloak for rainy weather," which is a Latin word used by St. Augustin, and put here in a Greek dress. It runs, *σχολαστικὸς τις λέγει, Χρησὸν μοι βίρρον μέλεις ἀγροῦ. ὁ δὲ, Μέχρι σελήνης, ἔγω, μέχρι δὲ ἀγροῦ οὐκ ἔχω*, and being interpreted will read, "Some one said to a simpleton, Lend me a cloak a field's length, and he answered, I've a cloak reaching as far as the ankle, but not a field's length." The footnote, "*μέλεις* de tempore itineris intelligit alter, alter de longitudine birri," explains here the true state of the matter.

There are other jokes of which it is much harder to see the point, but it would be ungrateful not to own the help which is generally given to their interpretation in the concise edition before us. With a fair amount of pains, and comparison of one jest with

another, we doubt not but that wellnigh the whole of the 264 jests which it contains might be made to yield an intelligible sense; as, for example, if we compare § 26 with § 73, and are led by doing so to see that *οικουμ* in the one is *ε.γ. πυρ* in the other, the point of both will turn out to be the same—namely, that a simpleton demurred to choose a site for a tomb or monument because it was unhealthy. And if we consider what a number of the sum total are sufficiently simple for those who run to read, it will be a pity if the German edition just published does not lead to an English collection, multiplying tenfold the previous instalments vouchsafed us of the sayings of "Scholastics." One of the longest and best of those less generally known is perhaps sufficiently amusing to be given as a concluding sample:—

A fool, a baldpate, and a barber travelled together, and, halting in a desert, agreed each to stay awake and watch the baggage four hours in his turn. As the barber's turn came first, wishing to play off a joke, he shaved the fool's head in his sleep. At the end of his stated term the fool was duly awakened, when rubbing his poll as after a nap, and finding it smooth, he exclaimed "A great rogue that barber, for in mischief he has awakened the bald man in my stead."

#### MR. COBB ON THE GENERAL COUNCIL.\*

THE interest felt about the approaching General Council appears to increase as the time for its meeting draws nearer. The subject is being discussed in all its bearings, direct and indirect, by writers of very various sections of opinion, both Catholic and Protestant, and from different points of view. It is becoming, in short, one of what the Germans call *brennende Fragen*—that is, indeed, the title of a German Protestant pamphlet on the subject; and even Dr. Cumming is anxious to deliver his burning words of testimony before the assembled Fathers, though he is, as he has reminded us, too canny a Scotchman to have any ambition to be burnt himself in the attempt. The pamphlet now before us emanates from a writer in every respect the opposite of Dr. Cumming. It is the work of a scholar, a theologian, a man of mark, and one who evidently is in the habit of weighing the force of words, and treating only of subjects which he has made it his business to understand. Nor does he differ less widely in sentiment from the prophet of Crown Court. Mr. Cobb is a distinguished representative of what is variously designated as the Ritualist or Reunionist school among High-Church Anglicans. We had occasion some time ago to notice a publication of very different calibre from a member of the same party, and, while expressing our respect for the large spirit of Christian sympathy displayed by the author, we felt bound to add that his manner of exemplifying it was considerably more suggestive of the ridiculous than of the sublime. Mr. Malet's *Olive Leaf* was not indeed "discharged from a catapult," but it was too copiously suffused with the essence of rose-water to be likely to be very serviceable to the cause of such a moral revolution as he appeared to contemplate. A gentleman who sets off for the Holy Land in pilgrim's dress, and with letters of recommendation from the rival Archbishops of Canterbury and Westminster in his pocket, making a little call at the Vatican on his way, and thinks an important step has been taken towards the reunion of Christendom because the Pope was so overpowered, as well he might be, with the remarkable statements and costume of his visitor that he could say nothing in reply, and because some Greek abbot, if we remember right, allowed him to say mass in a convent chapel on Mount Olivet, can hardly be considered a very promising advocate of any cause where the comic element is not intended to predominate. The opinions of Mr. Cobb and Mr. Malet would not perhaps at bottom very materially differ, but in the manner of enforcing them there is all the difference in the world. In some points, we suspect, Mr. Cobb goes beyond the great majority even of the extreme section of Anglicans to which he belongs; but in the main the "Unionists" could not desire an abler or more consistent exponent of their programme. It is on this account, as representing with considerable force and precision the views of a small but not unimportant religious party in reference to the coming Council, that we have selected his pamphlet for notice here. That his anticipations are of a far more rose-coloured hue than those of many among Roman Catholics themselves, to whose testimony we have more than once directed attention in these columns, will be obvious at first sight. But if this is a strong reason for questioning the adequacy of his information, it is no reason for not listening to what he has to say. The very peculiarity of his position—as something like an Ultramontane, in theory though not in spirit, while a member of the English Church—will at least excite curiosity if it does not command assent.

The pamphlet opens with an estimate of the coming Council sufficiently unlike that of the Catholic writers in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "In a few months," we are told, "nearly a thousand Christian bishops, most of them men of great natural ability as well as large experience in their episcopal calling . . . will meet together under the presidency of one who (whatever views may be taken of his office) more than any living man commands the reverence and admiration of Christian hearts. . . . The objects [subjects?] moreover of its discussion will be such as concern not merely every member of Christ's Church, but every member of the human race." The

author proceeds to observe that under these circumstances the apathy or hostility manifested towards the Council, both by Greeks and Anglicans, is very deplorable, and he insists especially on the duties of the latter in reference to it. His aspirations, it is only fair to add, are by no means limited by the narrow horizon of his own particular party, whose numerical insignificance he fully admits. He conceives that "the great Religious Revival which was commenced by Wesley, carried on by Simeon, started afresh on another level by the great leaders of the Oxford school, and which has now advanced a further stage . . . can have no other issue than the ultimate restoration in God's own time of the whole Anglican body to visible Catholic unity." Further on the same confident desire is expressed for the various bodies of Dissenters. Nor is a less emphatic confidence expressed in the good intentions and, if we rightly understand the author, the infallible judgment of the Council. He "cannot forget that it will be under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and *can* deliberate to no other issue than God's glory and the welfare of all mankind." This view, he adds, rightly enough we presume, "is not that taken by the majority even of professed Reunionists"; nor, as we have had abundant evidence, by nearly all Roman Catholics. On another point, though we speak under correction, Mr. Cobb's estimate of the facts is certainly quite new to us. He insists that the "Anglican bishops have been summoned" (by the Bull of Indiction), and that "if they choose to go they can," and would certainly be admitted to the deliberations of the Council. A letter from "an eminent Roman Catholic theologian who has just been in Rome" is quoted in evidence of these statements; he asserts that "if any Anglican bishops or theologians present themselves, they will not only be joyfully welcomed, but received with every possible distinction." It may be so, but it is not what we should have ourselves inferred from the language of the Bull, still less of the "Letter to Protestants and non-Catholics," or from the general tone of the Catholic press on the subject. There is a still more serious difficulty behind, which will not be new to our readers, and which Mr. Cobb is more successful in stating than in disposing of:—

But to turn to another aspect of the question—"There is no hope that Reunion will come of this Council," is a prevalent cry. "Everything will go one way. It will be simply a *packed* meeting debating a foregone conclusion. Papal Infallibility and the ratification of the Syllabus in its most offensive form—that is all we can expect from it. The Pope is in the hands of the Jesuits. He speaks in the *Civiltà*. Its programme will be carried by acclamation. The Council will only sit for a few weeks, and then all will be over. On the one side the Infallible Father and his faithful Jesuits stamping out the last embers of intellectual freedom and independent life in the Church; on the other, education, civilization, and political government finally and irrevocably alienated from all true Christian principle, and lapsing more and more hopelessly into the Christless extravagances of our modern Paganism!"

It is hardly an answer to this to speak of "the dogma being carried by acclamation" as a notion that could only occur "to a few sensation writers in the religious press," considering the very exceptional position and authority of the *Civiltà Cattolica* as the recognised organ of the Holy See, even though it was found desirable to characterize its statements as an *imprudenza*, after the excitement they had created throughout Catholic Europe. No doubt also it is true that "there are Ultramontanes and Ultramontanes." But it is not much to the purpose to say that the great majority of Catholic bishops would hold the Pope to be infallible when speaking "as Head of the Episcopate, and having assured himself of their concurrence." This is not the Ultramontane view at all, and indeed it is hardly distinguishable from one phase of the Gallican view. Either the Pope is infallible or he is not. If he is not, he cannot become so by consulting the Episcopate, though a judgment pronounced with their full assent may be regarded as infallible—not because he pronounces, but because they endorse it—by those who attribute infallibility to the Episcopate. If he is infallible, he is not bound to consult them, though it may be a matter of prudence or courtesy to do so. In fact, numbers of decisions which are regarded by all Ultramontanes as infallible—including some that were promulgated, but not discussed, at the mediæval General Councils—were pronounced without any shadow of such previous consultation; and in the recent case of the Immaculate Conception the strong remonstrances of a large and highly respectable minority were tacitly disregarded, though at a Council they could hardly have failed to exercise an important influence. We may add that—all theological questions apart—there is no single point on which the verdict of Church history is clearer or more emphatic than the non-infallibility of the Pope. As though it were a Nemesis on the claims so often put forward by the Popes or in their name, they seem almost to have gone out of their way, over and over again, by a sort of judicial perversity, to contradict themselves, to contradict each other, to contradict Scripture, to contradict the definitions of the Church, to contradict the facts of science, the laws of morality, and the principles of reason and common sense. This is not the place for proving these statements; some illustrations we quoted on a former occasion from an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Whatever the Papacy may claim in the past or aspire to in the future, there is one claim which it will certainly never succeed in establishing till Church history has been rewritten or forgotten, and that is the claim of infallibility.

Mr. Cobb makes another statement on the authority of private correspondents which certainly takes us by surprise. "It is a fact," he tells us, "that the Council has been called together *mainly*, if not entirely, with a view to those outside the Communion of the

\* *A Few Words on Reunion and the Coming Council at Rome*. By G. F. Cobb, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: G. J. Palmer, 1869.



Church of Rome, and especially those in the Anglican Communion." That this is true of those who originally broached the idea of the Council, such as Dupanloup, we were already aware; that it is true of those who are now most influential in its arrangements, but who at first strenuously opposed the design, we cannot but feel to be very doubtful. "If the Pope be in the hands of the Jesuits," says the author, "it is a very good thing for us," i.e. for Anglican Unionists. And he refers, in confirmation of this, to the assurances of "one of the most famous of the Order in Northern Europe," and to the great episcopal patron of the Jesuits in Germany, meaning of course Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence. But it is the Roman Jesuits who have the ear of the Pope, and their policy is notoriously different from that of their Belgian brethren; Ketteler's published views on freedom of conscience were all but condemned by name in the Encyclical of 1864. That many of the French and German bishops will be disposed to take as liberal and conciliatory a line as they can venture upon is very probable, but the Italian Episcopate alone considerably more than outnumbers the French and German put together. "The Church," we are told, "claims no right to interfere with the civil order"; but the Popes have again and again made and exercised such a claim, as indeed the author acknowledges in his subsequent reference to "medieval abuses of the Papacy," and the writers of the *Civiltà* and kindred publications peremptorily assert that claim for them now. It remains, of course, to be seen whether the Council will be asked, or will consent, to endorse it.

While, however, on these and other points Mr. Cobb appears to us to be something more than sanguine, it is impossible not to sympathize with the broad and generous spirit in which his pamphlet is written. If it differs widely from the narrow virulence of Protestant controversialists, and from the cautious if not suspicious attitude of Liberal Catholics in Germany, neither has it anything in common with the sickly rhapsodies of the Ultramontane devotees both in this country and on the Continent, to whom indeed in one passage he administers a gentle, but, considering the context, not therefore the less significant or forcible, rebuke. His own tone throughout, whatever may be thought of the views advocated, is mainly, straightforward, liberal, and outspoken—perhaps his friends will consider—almost to a fault. The general drift and character of the argument may be gathered with tolerable accuracy from the following passage:

Knowing what great expectations are now entertained of England, even at Rome itself—how strong a feeling there is that her straightforward honest character, with her prevailing Christian orthodoxy and deep religious instincts, with her wise, sober, yet generous and progressive Conservatism—in all these points forming such a bright contrast to the flippancy, the irreligion, the restless and unprincipled Liberalism of the Continental nations; knowing as I do how great a part she is expected to play in the new era of a re-invigorated Church and a re-Christianized world, I cannot help expressing my conviction that if we, from any feelings of insular pride or mortification, from any petty ungenerous sticklings at formalities, from any reluctance to part with old prejudice and suspicions and to sink for a time even what we may hold to be legitimate grounds of complaint against our neighbours—(seeing that by that course alone we can, humanly speaking, hope for their final adjustment)—if we from any false timidity at home, or from any nursing of fantastic fears as to the probable issue of things abroad—if from any want of large-hearted Charity and Christian Liberalism, as well as of faith in the supernatural government of the Church—if we from any of these causes hang back at this particular juncture, and refuse to take our part in the great work now open to us, we shall have ourselves to thank if our prayers for the Reunion of Christendom are not answered. God only helps those that help themselves; and we cannot doubt that He has sent this Council for us, as well as for others; and that it does present a very distinct opportunity, if we would only use it, for offering to fulfil our part in healing the divisions of Christendom.

One curious instance of "Protestant prejudice in a certain place of learning" (can he be referring to his own college?) Mr. Cobb gives in the appendix, which is too singular not to be quoted. It appears that, in a petition for the Abolition of Tests in favour of Nonconformists, the case of Baptists, Independents, and other Dissenting bodies was first set forth in detail. And then, after disposing of the various forms of nonconforming Christianity, the petitioners proceeded to add a separate clause for the benefit of "members of the Jewish, Roman Catholic, and Parsee persuasions"! Let us hope that, if Mr. Cobb cannot succeed in bringing about the union of the divided Churches of Christendom, he may do something towards inducing their respective members to recognise each other's claims to a common possession of the Christian name. As long as one-half of the Christian world persists in stigmatizing the other half as heretics, and the denounced heretics retaliate by classing their Catholic assailants in the same category with Parsees, the hope of a restored communion between them seems hardly to have approached its realization.

#### LEWIS'S OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.\*

A BOOK of this sort has its use as a test to show how far sound notions of history have and have not made their way into inferior schools. A quarto volume of chronological tables would hardly be ventured on by either author or publisher, unless it were likely to meet a known demand. The writer dates from "Addison College, Kensington Park, W." and says, "I have tested the advantage of this system during many years among my own pupils, and having found it eminently successful, have been

\* *Tabular Outlines of Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time, arranged chronologically in Centuries.* By E. C. Lewis. London: Charles Bean, 81 New North Road, Hoxton.

constantly urged to publish it for general use in our Colleges and Schools." We have no idea what may be the nature of "Addison College, Kensington, W.," nor yet of the other "Colleges" for general use in which the tables are intended. We try to feel our way by the sort of authors to whose works the tables are to be a guide; but we do not gain much by the process. "It is not meant," the preface tells us, "to supersede any, but to be a handmaid to all; for although our School Libraries have of late been enriched by the valuable additions made by Drs. Brewer and Collier, and the Author of *Henry's Scripture Outlines*, rendering History a fascinating tale, alike to young and old, a system of instruction has yet been wanting in order to make the books we have of greater avail."

We are here carried quite out of our depth, as there can be few people so ignorant of literature as to confound "Dr." Brewer with the editor of "Monumenta Franciscana" and historian of Henry the Eighth. It is however no small exploit to have made history "a fascinating tale," provided the fascination is so managed as to be consistent with strict accuracy; if it be otherwise, we must refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer. As for the object of the Tables themselves, in which the fascinating tale is "placed before the eyes of the student in a tabular or pictorial form," we are told that they are not meant to "be used as a mere book of reference, but as a plan or outline of each lesson, to be committed to memory by the Pupil." One singular exception however is made; "the dates are prefixed to the events, not necessarily to be learned, but for reference." Now surely dates are just the things which ought to be learned, and not merely referred to. Doubtless it is a dull and dead thing to learn by heart long strings of dates when the events themselves are hardly understood; but surely a child should be taught some dates from the beginning. Not only should he be taught to attach an idea to the century or period, so that 713, 1079, any figures taken at random, shall give a general idea of what was going on at the time; he should be further taught from the beginning to carry off the exact dates of a well-chosen selection of leading facts, not to be learned in a string apart from the facts, but to be made in each case part of the historical lesson. Of course in a Chronological Table many dates ought to be put which but few learners are likely to remember to the exact year, but which still take their share in making dates living things, so that the mere mention of the figures shall convey an impression of the period. In the present case we do not understand the system of dating which is followed. Sometimes the exact year is given; sometimes it seems to be enough if an event is put in the right century. In several English reigns, including those of Henry the Third, Edward the First, Edward the Fourth, and Henry the Seventh, no date is given but that of the accession of the King. A pupil might easily be led to think that the battles of Lewes and Evesham were fought in 1216 and those of Barnet and Tewkesbury in 1460 or 1461. Crecy and Poitiers however, and several other events of the reign of Edward the Third, are put under their proper years. And such a column as this looks very odd:—"1308. William Tell, Melchtal, and Walter Furst liberate their country from the Austrian yoke. Victory of Morgarten. Battle of Seupach." Switzerland does not get another whole column to itself till 1513, in which year is placed "the Confederation of the Thirteen Swiss Cantons"—which no one would take as meaning that the Cantons were then increased to thirteen—and seemingly "the Reform of Zwinglius." But in the parallel column of Church History, "the Reform of Luther and Zwinglius"—coupled together like Hume and Smollett or Henry and Scott—is placed in 1517. But in England "the Reformation" is placed, in defiance of Lord Cairns, in 1534, and, with praiseworthy impartiality, it is printed in larger type and in red letters, to match "the Massacre of St. Bartholomew" in the next column. But what, we humbly ask, will Lord Shaftesbury say to seeing the B. Reformation in such guise and in such company? If red letters do not at once suggest the Scarlet Woman, surely they at least savour of saints' days, rubrics, ritualism, and all that kind of thing. But perhaps the colour may be accounted for when we come to the lines which next follow. The B. Reformation seems to have been of much the same mind as Jupiter Elicius, when he began his religious instructions to Numa with the ugly precept "Cut a head." The fruits of the Reformation, or perhaps the Reformation itself, take the following shape:—

Sir Thomas More beheaded.  
Invades Scotland.  
Earl of Surrey beheaded.

It is somewhat odd to put all these things under the one year 1534, and as we have no nominative case to tell us who it was who invaded Scotland, we are driven to the guess that it was the B. Reformation itself.

The book, therefore, is queerly and weakly put together; but it is well worth notice on one ground. It shows that in the sort of schools of which we take "Addison College, Kensington" to be a type, the light of criticism has made some little way with regard to medieval history; but with regard to early Greek and Roman history it has made no way at all. The medieval and modern parts are sometimes painful, sometimes amusing, but they show a real striving after knowledge even in rather out-of-the-way places. It is something to recognise that the Eastern Empire and the Teutonic Knights are worth taking any notice of at all; it is creditable to have heard of Charles the Fourth and the Golden Bull, even though the latter is for some mysterious reason described as the "Famous Constitution of 'La Bulle d'Or.'"

Amidst all mistakes and confusions it is clear that the author has given a good deal of honest work to get together dates and events and names which must have involved a good deal of searching in different quarters. But when we get back to the nineteenth century B.C., a time about which somewhat minute information seems to have reached Addison College, all is the blackness of darkness of Lemprière or the days before Lemprière. Not the faintest glimmering of doubt or criticism seems to have made its way to the parts of Kensington Park, W. The Scripture column we leave to theologians, the Egyptian column to Egyptologists, and the Assyrian column to those who can tell us whether our author is right in pronouncing the successors of Ninias to be unknown. To such deep matters we will give only one passing glance—namely, when in the twelfth century B.C. we find that "Proteus gives refuge to Helen Queen of Sparta." We presume then that in Addison College the whole question has been thoroughly sifted, and the judgment of Herodotus pronounced to be the true one. All that we should like to know is what views are entertained as to the subtle question of the *διδωλον*, by which both Trojans and Achæans are in one version said to have been deluded, and whether so unsubstantial a being could have gone through the *τελεονομία* and the dialogue with Hector. But, however this may be, we find it recorded with most undoubting faith that, in the nineteenth century B.C., "Inachus, a Phœnician, founds Argos," while, with still greater minuteness, the Deluge of Ogyges is placed in 1796, which looks like a date in the reign of George III. In 1493 "Cadmus introduces alphabetic writing into Greece," and in 1356, which will suggest the battle of Poitiers, "Erechtheus, King of Athens, introduces the Eleusinian mysteries." But we are, on the whole, more interested in one of the events of the sixteenth century B.C., at some undated stage of which we find that "Cecrops civilizes Attica"—an event which, as a kind of B. Reformation of a heathenish sort, is very properly commemorated with red letters. So among "persons" we find "Moses, Cadmus, and Minos" all bracketed together like wranglers in a Cambridge Tripos, and on the next page "the Sorceress Medea" is placed in queer connexion with Deborah the Prophetess and Mother in Israel. After all this it is hardly necessary to say that the seven Kings of Rome, with Æneas and Lavinia to boot, are believed in as devoutly as by Mr. Dyer himself.

The middle ages, by an arrangement which we never saw before, begin with A.D. 7, when among the events of Church History we read that "Herod the Great dies of a loathsome disease." Most of the Emperors get some character, except Tiberius, the writer being no doubt engaged in pondering on the hints of Dr. Merivale and the fuller apology of Mr. Beesly. But Caligula (Caius) is unhesitatingly called "a sanguinary tyrant," and is marked off by delicate shades of distinction from "Nero, a great tyrant" and "Domitian, a cruel tyrant." Nerva is "a good Emperor," but Trajan, we see not why, is only "a good prince," and Commodus is brought down to the condition of ordinary humanity and is simply "a cruel man." The fullest account of all is that of "Maximin, 8 feet in height, cruel, ignorant, and a Barbarian." We cannot undertake to go through the whole story, but we cannot help stopping when we come to such remarkable personages as "Hughes Capet" and "Matilda Atheling," which last comes in the same page as "Manuel Comnenius" and "Isaac the Angel." "Hughes Capet" reminds one of "Williams Pitt," and we suppose that "Matilda Atheling" shows that in the teaching of Addison College "Atheling" is looked on as a surname. To be sure the respectable and pious Queen Gruach appears in Shakespeare as Lady Macbeth, a description which, as Macbeth is not recorded to have been the younger son of a Duke or Marquis, can only be explained by supposing that Shakespeare took Macbeth for a surname. And it is worth thinking over whether in his "young Siward" Shakespeare was simply confounding the Earl's nephew Siward with his son Osborn, or whether, as he assumed that Macbeth's wife must be Lady Macbeth, he also assumed that old Siward's son must be young Siward.

Still, with all its blunders and confusions, the mediæval part of this book shows signs of advance. People are at least thinking, even if they do not think very successfully, about things which fifty years ago would not have come into their heads at all. The present author evidently represents a class, and that class is evidently aware that there are new lights on the subject of mediæval history, and it seems to be striving, honestly if somewhat awkwardly, to get within the reach of those lights. But that there are any new lights in Greek or Roman history seems not to be known at all; Phœneus and Ogyges are still believed in as devoutly as they were a hundred years back. We never came across faith more simple and unruined. One thing only is wanting. It does not seem that the pupils of Addison College are taught the exact date of Jupiter King of Crete.

#### ROMA SOTTERRANEA.\* (Second Notice.)

PERHAPS the most important fact which the Commendatore De Rossi has demonstrated about the Roman Catacombs is

\* *Roma Sotterranea, or Some Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of San Callisto.* Compiled from the Works of Commendatore De Rossi, with the consent of the Author, by Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott, and Rev. W. R. Brownlow, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

the extremely ancient date of the earliest of them. We will express this discovery in his own words. He says:—

Precisely in those cemeteries to which history or tradition assigns apostolic origin, I see, in the light of the most searching archaeological criticism, the cradle of Christian art and of Christian inscriptions; there I find memorials of persons who appear to belong to the times of the Flavii and of Trajan; and finally, I discover precise dates of those times.

For example, in the Catacombs of St. Paul without the walls, on the Via Ostiensis, there have been found dated consular inscriptions belonging to the years 107 and 110 of our era; and the epitaph of one Eutychnus, who bore the prenomens of Flavius. Other very ancient catacombs are those of St. Priscilla, on the Via Salaria, and that of St. Domitilla, a near relation of Domitian, on the Via Ardeatina. An uncle of this Domitilla, T. Flavius Clemens, a man of consular rank, was put to death by Domitian on a charge of atheism, which meant, doubtless (as Dr. Merivale allows), a profession of Christianity. We may remark, in passing, that we are glad to see that Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow speak generally with proper respect of Dr. Merivale's historical labours. Where they differ from him, as for instance in the conclusion to be drawn from the occasional occurrence of the letters D. M. (i.e. *Dis Manibus*) on Christian monuments, we are not sure that they have the best of the argument. To resume—near the abovementioned Catacomb of St. Domitilla, at Tor Marancia, De Rossi has found, on the upper surface of the ground, an undoubted Christian monument, excavated at great cost and without the slightest attempt at concealment, to some member of the Flavian family, probably Flavius Clemens himself. The vaulted roofs of this structure are painted with exquisitely graceful designs of vine branches with birds and winged genii among them, and with Christian subjects, such as the Good Shepherd, Daniel in the Den of Lions, and the like. The art of these paintings is of a very high order indeed; not distinguishable indeed from the best classical art of the time. The ceilings, in fact, with their naked genii, are pagan in sentiment as well as design. Upon the whole, after carefully weighing De Rossi's arguments, we see no reason to differ from his general conclusion as to the date of these most ancient Catacombs. It can no longer be assumed that the primitive Roman Christians buried their dead from the first in the meanest and most furtive manner. On the contrary, it would seem that before the close of the first century they had begun their Catacombs on a large scale, without concealment, and with the free use of every embellishment of the art of the time. From the very first the Christians preferred inhumation to cremation for the disposal of their dead. They adopted, as De Rossi has shown (and as may be gathered from Tertullian in his *Apology*), the rules and privileges of the funeral confraternities (*collegia*) which were common in Pagan Rome; and for some years at least they had nothing to fear from legal interference or from popular violence. Afterwards, in the times of open persecution, they were reduced to the greatest straits. And the Catacombs themselves, when interpreted by the sagacity of the brothers De Rossi, show in their successive stages a faithful material chronicle of the varying fortunes of the infant Church.

It is not a little interesting to observe the objects and constitutions of the burial-clubs of Pagan Rome, to which reference has just been made. There seems every reason to believe that the early Christians found it expedient to adopt this kind of guild or sodality, and that they transferred into Christian phraseology many of the technical terms belonging to them. De Rossi even thinks that one "*collegium*," described as "*convictorum qui una epulo vesci solent*," may conceal under this very ambiguous definition a Christian confraternity. Anyhow, in the edicts which regulated such associations, many terms and expressions occur which afterwards became common in Christian speech. It is worthy of remark how like necessities produce like expedients. Burial clubs are quite as much wanted in modern London as they were in ancient Rome. As things are, the way of burying paupers amongst ourselves is a disgrace to our religion and our civilization; and few of our modern burial-clubs are so safe, so well administered or protected by the law, or even so religious, as some of these *collegia* of heathen Rome.

Without the aid of ground-plans and sections, it is quite impossible to give any satisfactory description of the discoveries or restorations effected by De Rossi in the Catacombs themselves. Even with the advantage of such assistance, it is often difficult enough to follow the narrative, either in the Italian original or in the English compilation now before us. Suffice it to say that De Rossi has satisfactorily identified the Cemetery of St. Pretextatus, on the Via Appia, and has (more particularly) mapped and thoroughly explored the most famous of all the Catacombs, that of St. Calixtus, including what he calls the Papal Crypt, wherein at least four martyred Popes of the third century lay buried. The grave-stones of Anteros, Fabian, Lucius, and Eutychnus have been recovered by him, pieced together, and affixed once more to the walls of this chapel. But many other Bishops of Rome were buried here. A lithographic view of this crypt, as "restored," is one of the many interesting illustrations of the volume before us. The effect of this picture is somewhat spoilt, to our eyes, by the commonplace apertures of the *luminaria* in the vaulted roof. Scarcely less interesting than this shrine is the adjoining crypt in which St. Cecilia was buried. Her body was translated in 821 by Paschal I. to the church named after her in the Trastevere, where, as our authors believe, it was found uncorrupted 800 years afterwards by Cardinal Sfondrati, in 1599. The famous statue by Maderna, representing the saint in the



recumbent posture in which she is said to have been found, is familiar no doubt to many of our readers. The description quoted by our authors is vague and ambiguous; but we conclude that the dress which the martyr wore has been miraculously preserved from decay, as well as her body. The recovery of the chapel of St. Cecilia, which had been entirely filled with earth, and the explanation of its remaining inscriptions, and the arguments drawn from the *graffiti* (or scribbles on the wall), are highly creditable to De Rossi's acuteness and astonishing perseverance. Still more astonishing has been his success in supplying the missing parts of some of the Damascine inscriptions. In particular he has put side by side the original epitaph of St. Eusebius as engraved by that famous stone-cutter, Furius Dionysius Filocalus (whom Pope Damasus always employed), and the clumsy restoration of it which was attempted by Pope Vigilius in the sixth or seventh century. This is a perfect marvel of antiquarian sagacity. Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow have given engravings of both these *tituli*.

The proof that some of the Catacombs date from the end of the first century, and that these particular ones are the most highly and most beautifully decorated with fresco-painting, corrects to some extent the common opinion about the first beginnings of Christian art. Some, with Niebuhr, have declared that ancient art had altogether ceased before Christianity began; others, with a controversial bias, have supposed that the infant Church looked coldly upon the decorative arts, and that the patronage of art by religion was a proof of the growing corruption of the latter. De Rossi seems to us to have shown satisfactorily that nascent Christianity availed itself from the very first of the art of the time. The Church did not, indeed, retard the decline and death of ancient art, but it did not accelerate it. If there be still any such ignorant Protestantism as looks askance on art, undoubtedly it is rebuked by the evidence that has now been produced to show that the primitive Church, before what is called Popery came in, was not guilty of any such Philistinism. Strange to say, the difficulty is now shifted to Roman Catholic shoulders. What explanation, for instance, is to be given of the famous Canon of the Council of Elvira (A.D. 303), which forbade "pictures to be placed in a church, or that which is worshipped or adored to be painted on the walls"? Our present authors feel this difficulty, and seem scarcely to know how to meet it. It is all very well to quote Raoul Rochette to the effect that the canon was "*tout accidentelle, toute de circonstance*," or De Broglie's opinion that the canon condemned all paintings that were not symbolical, or to contend that its object was to hide sacred truths from the ridicule of enemies. The plain truth of the matter is that the Council made a blunder. But perhaps it would scarcely suit Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow to admit it. De Rossi's sketch of the gradual development of Christian painting is worth quoting at length:—

In its first beginnings, it was intent only on creating or selecting certain necessary types or figures that might stand for the religious truths that it desired to represent. It did not concern itself to make a complete provision of appropriate accessory ornaments of its own, but borrowed these without scruple from the works of the Pagan school, from the midst of which it was springing forth. The principal figure in the composition, some biblical, or at least symbolical, subject, gave the religious and Christian character to the whole. The *entourage* was then completed by an abundance of merely decorative figures, freely imitated from the types of classical Roman art, such as birds, garlands, vases of fruits or flowers, fantastic heads, winged genii, personifications of the seasons, &c.; and this is the leading characteristic of the first age of Christian painting. By and by the cycle of symbolical types grew more rich and complicated by the addition of the mystical interpretation of biblical stories, and was used with great skill and freedom under the direction, it would appear, of learned theological guides. By the end of the third century this cycle had received a fixed traditional form, and was constantly reiterated. It had become, as it were, consecrated, and Christian art was almost hieratic in its character, as in ancient Egypt or modern Greece, so fixed and immovable were its types, "always like one another, and always unlike nature." But the biblical histories had now almost superseded the use of symbols. These had already begun to decline from the middle of the third century, when the formularies of Christian epigraphy were gradually developing; and in the next century one might almost say that they disappeared altogether. Towards the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century the radical revolution which the conversion of Constantine had effected in the social and political position of Christians had set an equally distinct mark upon Christian art. The age of symbolism has passed away. Scenes from real life are now introduced. Even the details of bloody martyrdoms are painted on the tombs or the walls of churches; and the liberty and publicity of Christian worship in the basilicas finds a pleasure in the contrast suggested by these harrowing representations.

To all who take an interest in the symbolical art of the ancient Church, the present volume, with its numerous and well-selected illustrations, will be as useful as it is welcome. For our own part we confess to thinking much of this symbolism far-fetched and unimpressive, and we are by no means satisfied with all the interpretations of it that are here suggested. Successive chapters follow upon the allegorical, the historical, and the liturgical paintings found in the Catacombs. We observe that some of Mr. Palmer's puerile explanations of certain allegorical groups are quoted with approbation. As for the liturgical paintings, so called, they are few, unimportant, and doubtful. It is hard to see how any Roman Catholic can persuade himself that the man, almost nude, clothed only in a pallium, and pointing to a fish laid on a plate which stands on a three-legged table (in Plate xiv.), represents the consecration of the Holy Eucharist. We have no fancy for making the Catacombs a battle-ground for controversy. But surely such a representation, *primâ facie*, tells against any extreme liturgical view. And without wishing to go far in the disputes of rival

Christians, we must say that, if this volume teaches anything as to doctrine, it is as to the far greater importance attached by the primitive Church to the two sacraments than to any other ecclesiastical rites; and again as to the communion of the laity in both kinds. It is disingenuous in the English compilers of this volume to ignore studiously, as they do, the latter fact. A candid controversialist, when commenting on the Autun Epitaph, illustrated by Cardinal Pitra in his *Spicilegium Solesmense*, would have called attention to the language of that valuable document:—

Σωτήρος δ' ἁγίων μεληδία λάμβανε βρώσιν.  
"Εσθι, πίνε, ἐνταῦν ἱχθὺν ἔχων παλάμαις."

But, after all, this is an inconsiderable blemish, and pardonable to two converts from Anglicanism. Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow have produced a book which is of the highest interest and importance, and have accomplished a difficult task with great ability. We should not omit to state that there are also valuable chapters on the gilded glasses found in the Catacombs and on the earliest Christian sarcophagi. We miss exceedingly in the pages now before us anything like a collection of early Christian epitaphs. But we observe with satisfaction that the authors promise a future volume on this special subject when the second volume of De Rossi's *Inscriptiones Christiane* shall have been given to the world.

#### A COUNTY FAMILY.\*

IT has always been a favourite superstition of ours that a well-descended English county family is more likely than not to be fairly honourable and upright; that the members thereof will have tolerably clean hands and passably clear consciences; and that when they offend against the moral law, as they probably will at times, like most of us, they will at least sin like gentlemen, and not like blackguards. But the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* has undertaken to enlighten our ignorance, and to destroy our cherished superstition; and in a *County Family*, the last production of his genius, he presents us with a picture of life and society in Derbyshire such as we never heard of before, nor deemed possible in this decent and respectable England. For which picture, therefore, we are thankful, as is befitting; knowledge being the greatest gift which man can give to man, more especially such knowledge as this. We can best show the truth and gracefulness of this story by an outline sketch. There are some things so wonderfully homogeneous that to dissect is to destroy, and a *County Family* is one of them. It may be compressed, but critical dissection would utterly destroy its value, such as it is.

The scene opens with a description of the stone quarries on the Welsh mountain Slogan, which stands on the northern coast of North Wales with its foot in the sea; and the face of whom—for the author humanizes the hill, and calls it him—"naturally grim and stern enough, has now, thanks to pick and guano powder, become one scar"; and who, "like an ancient warrior whose ferocity [of appearance?] has been enhanced by the small-pox, scowls upon the smiling summer sea." On this ferocious and peck-marked mountain swarm, like ants, six hundred giant quarrymen, "good-natured as were the Goths, but like them subject to fits of passion, and then—" the rest is left to the reader's imagination. Moreover, on one August morning of an undated year, beside the six hundred giant quarrymen subject to fits of passion, is a "swell" visitor with a pale face, a black moustache curved like a bow, small hands as white as a woman's, and, though well and strongly shaped, looking, by comparison with the sons of Anak about him, like a woman in man's clothes. This is Mr. Herbert Stanhope of Curlew Hall, Derbyshire; and the young fellow to whom he is talking is John Denton, the overlooker, with an eye like a hawk, a broad brow with thick brown curls clustering over it, and extraordinarily long and supple fingers. But this (as chirologists say) mark of the thief has not the remotest connexion with the character or the story of John Denton; so that one is a little at a loss to understand why the long and supple fingers were made a point of in the description at all. Herbert Stanhope is "fast." He is running through his paternal estate as rapidly as bad lets on the turf, with other outlets belonging to the fast man, can carry him; but John Denton is rising steadily, if quietly, from a parish orphan, having become a National School pupil-teacher, now an overlooker of the stone-quarries on Slogan, and soon to be a civil engineer; which last feat is accomplished in a miraculously short space of time, and in an Open-sesame sort of way, without the tedium of the long apprenticeship usually found necessary for that special profession. Suddenly Herbert Stanhope asks John Denton, in the academical manner in which all the characters of the book speak,

"Who is yonder old man with the big white head, Mr. Overlooker? He seems too ancient for this sort of hammer-work, although I noticed that you (very properly) were not disposed to be hard upon him." "I do not understand you, Sir," interrupted Denton, with irritation. "Mr. Blackburn is no idler, I can tell you, although his arms may not move so fast as a younger man's." "Mr. Blackburn, eh? What! have we gentlemen quarrymen here, then? Well, upon my life, now you mention it, there is an air of past grandeur about that old fellow, as though he had seen better days."

After a little further description of the old man in question, and his air of superiority, Mr. Stanhope, to conciliate him, says he will give him half a crown and a better cigar than he ever smoked in his dreams; but Mr. Overlooker interposes hastily, and says that if he

\* *A County Family*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," "A Perfect Treasure," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

offers him money he, the fine old gentleman, will break his head in with a pick, adding, "Anthony Blackburn is as much a gentleman as you are, every whit, although he is a poorer man than even I." The name reveals the whole mystery to Stanhope:—

"What!" he says, without drawing, "do you mean to tell me that that is Anthony Blackburn of Derbyshire, the man who was disinherited fifty years ago for marrying his mother's waiting-maid? Why, I've heard my grandfather tell that story again and again. My own house is within half a dozen miles of Redcombe Manor" (it is subsequently called Blackburn Manor); "I know the place as well as you know this quarry."

And after being adjured by John Denton to speak low, for fear this Slogan version of the "banished Lord" should hear him, the young "swell" tells the story in the approved fashion; by which the reader is made acquainted with the fact that the three brothers who successively inherited the property, to Anthony's exclusion, have all died, and that now only the son of one, the old man's nephew, stands between him and the estate. Presently a pale and pretty girl, with the step of a chamois and the air of a princess, comes up the steep hill-side with her grandfather's dinner—"beef, with mustard, and a nice fresh lettuce." This is Ellen Blackburn, John Denton's "promised bride." She is pretty enough to attract Mr. Stanhope's somewhat supercilious admiration, which naturally annoys Mr. Overlooker; so, after a few short, sharp words, he tells the strange swell that he is engaged to the princess, and imagines he has put an end to his unwelcome attentions. A splinter from a rock breaks old Anthony's glass tumbler, and Herbert Stanhope steps forward with his silver pocket-flask, which he fills with sherry. The old man drinks the whole of the contents, after a stately little speech, and then asks the name of his treator. "Herbert Stanhope, of Curlew Hall, at your service," replies the swell; and the old quarryman turns suddenly quite pale, and goes on with his work. Then John takes Ellen home, he is at first jealous and a little unreasonable, but they do not quarrel; and Mr. Overlooker ends this trifling discomfort with a characteristic bit of finery:—"See, upon your cottage window yonder, how the sun is glinting—the brightest welcome, notwithstanding that you are not within it, that it has ever beamed on me. It is surely an omen for good."

Soon after Ellen has returned home, and John has been made coarsely and eagerly welcome by the dirty, ugly old woman whose youthful beauty has been Anthony Blackburn's ruin, a black-edged letter is brought in by a pert lad; which proves to be the announcement the old man has been doggedly expecting for all these years—his nephew Richard is dead, and he is now the undisputed possessor of the family estate. Whereupon he breaks off the engagement between John and Ellen, goes off to Blackburn Manor, takes down the pictures of his fathers and brothers from the wall, and behaves like a savage generally.

Among those of the county families who first and most cordially welcome the ex-quarryman to his old home, are Mr. Herbert Stanhope of Curlew Hall, and Mr. Waller, ex-M.P. for Mosedale, where there is a water reservoir, whose daughter Lucy was engaged to be married to young Dick Blackburn just dead. Ellen and Lucy soon become fast friends; Lucy being sensible enough to put up with her less philosophically, and to call Ellen, while sitting in the boudoir which had been furnished expressly for herself, "Sister Ellen," after a very short acquaintance indeed. The ex-M.P. is in difficulties, and Mr. Herbert Stanhope has "plunged" heavily, and lost all save the appearance of the traditional honour. There is a Blackburn son who in some mysterious way had been, and is, a disgrace to his name and family. When they first take possession of the Manor, his mother wants to write to him to bid him come and share their good fortune; but Anthony forbids her to send the letter. However, in about a year's time it is posted by accident, and reaches "Mr. William Rogers," as he is indulging himself in his wonted cursings and brutalities at Formosa, the transparent disguise for Sark. Mr. William is a drunken, sodden, dangerous brute; and when he receives the letter he resolves on killing his pale and patient wife, who loves him none the less for his revolting brutality; but he thinks better of it, and leaves her, with an injunction that she is never to come near him again, and must forget that she was ever his wife at all. Then he goes to England, and Blackburn Manor. His first meeting with his relatives is inauspicious enough. Ellen and Lucy are walking with Mr. Herbert Stanhope, when they are stopped by a fellow looking half like a methodist preacher and half like a begging-letter impostor. He wears a high hatband, and gives out that Bess his wife is dead; he is insolent and familiar to Lucy, insolent and overbearing to Ellen, insolent and defying to Mr. Herbert Stanhope; but this last gentleman holds a secret by which he designs to tame the dangerous animal just let loose among them. And what that secret is the author himself shall tell. This is their first day of meeting, and Mr. William catches hold of Herbert's rein as he is leaving the Manor, meaning to tell him that he is not to appear there again uninvited, now that he has come home. After some sparring between them Stanhope says he has seen his face before, which William denies. But Stanhope takes out of his pocket a small book to which he refers with much deliberation, and says:—

"Let me see: yes, it was in the same year that Donnybrook won the Derby, when I was quite a lad, that I first saw you at Chester." "I never was at Chester in my life." "That's strange; for if you never were, it was your twin-brother whom I saw brought up before the magistrates for horse-poisoning. You were bribed to nobble the Khan for the Chester Cup. I sat on the bench with my father, and remember the case perfectly well. You were in with Richardson and that lot, but they could only bring the thing home to you. Instead of using arsenic you tried (not from motives of

humanity I'll be sworn) some corrosive sublimate, which you put in his oats, and so only sickened the horse. There was another charge against you for cutting the sinews of some horse that was entered for another race, but that fell through. But I well remember—for I was interested in the case, and watched it after you were committed for trial—you got five years, and they are not over yet, Mr. William Roberts."

"It's a lie," gasped the unhappy wretch through his white lips.

"That is—of course—what it occurs to a fellow—of your stamp—to say," observed the other, carefully lighting a cigar. "You have the misfortune to be not only a vile knave but a gross fool. You don't even know when you are beat, you stupid cur!"

Yet with this ticket-of-leave man and horse-poisoner Mr. Herbert Stanhope of Curlew Hall does not disdain to come to terms, undertaking to keep his secret if his silence was secured at his own price. Certainly this is one trait of our county families quite new to us, and we will venture to say, to our readers as well. This Mr. William Blackburn is, as we have seen, an unmitigated brute. He is hideous in his person, revolting in his manners, vile in his habits; he has *delirium tremens*, and calls out "Snakes! snakes! snakes! snakes in my boots!" among the croquet-hoops; but Mr. Waller, ex-M.P., and a gentleman—or what is meant for one—does not hesitate to urge his daughter Lucy to marry him; though old Anthony himself, ex-quarryman, and a brute too in his own way, shrinks at the idea for the girl's sake, and promises Mr. Waller the money he would have had, all the same if she does not marry his son. That, too, is what the fathers of our county families do with their daughters when a little pressed for money. As for Herbert Stanhope, he is "waiting on the Blackburn filly" and "running a staying race" apparently to very little purpose, and his Turf creditors are getting clamorous; but Ellen will have nothing to do with him, though her grandfather urges her, and forbids all thought of John Denton. She answers the old ruffian tenderly and academically, and then the story lags, and the county family does nothing very wonderful for a weary space of time. However, all things are brought up with a round turn hard and sharp at the end. Old Anthony makes his will in Ellen's favour, and has a paralytic stroke. Mr. William tries to steal the will, and is prevented by Messrs. Waller and Stanhope. The reservoir has a crack in it, and John Denton urges speedy repair, but is snubbed by the ex-M.P., as Chairman of the Board. Bess, or her ghost, is seen by old Mrs. Blackburn, and Mr. William is proportionately disturbed; he and Mr. Stanhope, now on the verge of ruin, have a talk together, in which Mr. Stanhope makes the brute his confidant, and receives in return overtures for the commission of a felony, with which he half coquets; but putting away the temptation with an hysterical laugh, he causes Mr. William to say petulantly "I do wish you would make less noise; you will really cause people to suspect something by such unusual behaviour," which was nicely turned for the brute, considering his education and up-bringing. Then the reservoir bursts; old Anthony is drowned in his bed; Ellen is saved by John Denton, who comes spurring along like a hero of old romance, just in time; Herbert escapes, but Mr. William is drowned—for which, as a small mercy, we thank the author gratefully; and when the waters have subsided, the body of a woman is found, which Mr. John Denton knows to have been that of poor Bess. Mr. Waller is bankrupt, but eventually all his debts are paid; and Mr. Stanhope is sold up, but John gives him wherewith to marry Lucy and start fresh in Australia; whence he returns in due course, once more master of Curlew Hall by a happy accident unrelated. For himself John takes Ellen to the Manor, and becomes a local magnate of the first order; and so ends this sickening, silly, ill-written book, which has not one single good quality to redeem its many faults; it has no literary skill and no moral elevation, and is just so much mechanical word-spinning, as far below the nobleness of fiction as a street boy's mud-pie is below the nobleness of architecture.

#### SYNESIUS OF CYRENE.\*

IT is a trite observation that the classic writers of the decadence are in some respects more valuable than their illustrious predecessors. They are more attentive to the affairs of common life, less conventional in their delineation of manners and customs, and afford more vivid glimpses of the genius of their epoch. Their experience is wider if only in virtue of their posteriority in time, and they occupy a much closer relation to the ideas and aspirations of modern days. It is chiefly on these accounts that Synesius of Cyrene deserves the attention of posterity. As an historical figure he is, indeed, genial and prepossessing; but his merit as a writer depends on the works which probably held the lowest place in his own regard. His taste and culture were much in excess of his creative power. He lacked depth as a philosopher, and imagination as a poet, and as a declaimer merely succeeded in doing tolerably well what was not worth doing at all. But his correspondence is valuable as a picture of incidents, feelings, and manners, and its importance is enhanced by the great variety of his life. As author, ambassador, country gentleman, and bishop, he represented numerous phases of intellectual and practical activity; and his communications, if not free from the taint of literary affectation universal in his age, are ingenuous and unimpeachable in matters of fact. These circumstances render him a peculiarly appropriate subject for a monograph illustrative of his times. Dr. Volkman, his latest biographer, has steadily kept this object

\* Synesius von Cyrene. Eine biographische Charakteristik aus den letzten Zeiten des untergehenden Hellenismus. Von Dr. Richard Volkman. Berlin: Ebeling & Plahn.



before him. He has compressed the results of close investigation into moderate limits, and his lucid digest is delightful reading so long as it is mainly biographical. He seems rather too deeply impressed with a sense of his hero's merits as an author; his analysis of Synesius's writings is too solemn, too searching, and too long. The reader will probably not feel bound to acquaint himself with all that Synesius said as well as with all that he did; and Dr. Volkmann's literary criticism is fortunately easily separable from the more interesting and entertaining portion of his work.

We first meet with Synesius under circumstances indicating that, although still a young man, he had already acquired great consideration. He was delegated by the Senate of Cyrene, about A.D. 397, to go to Constantinople, and represent the intolerable oppression of the province at the Court of the young Emperor Arcadius. The commission seems to have been bestowed upon him in some measure on account of the antiquity and influence of his family. Cyrene had been founded by Dorian colonists more than a thousand years previously, and Synesius traced his descent to the original settlers, and through them to Hercules. More respect still was probably entertained for his rhetorical ability, the one intellectual endowment which was still a power in the days of the later Empire, and for the distinction he seems to have enjoyed as the only Cyrenian, except one of his brothers, who had had what we should now call a University education. He had studied in Alexandria under Hypatia, and there been imbued with the traditions of high culture which were then rapidly becoming extinct. These recommendations overbalanced the disadvantages under which a heathen philosopher must have laboured at the Court of Constantinople, and, fortified by the additional passport of a golden crown to be presented to the Emperor, he departed on his mission about the beginning of 398. He thus became a witness of some of the most singular transactions recorded in history; the revolutions which successively overthrew the all-powerful ministers Rufinus and Eutropius, and the extraordinary enterprises of the Goth Gainas, whose craft and daring so nearly made him master of the Empire. The reflections naturally suggested to a patriot by such a situation of affairs are powerfully expressed by Synesius in his oration on the occasion of his audience at Court, before obtaining which he was obliged to wait a year. Unaccustomed, probably, to a barbarian element in the administration of Cyrene or Alexandria, he forcibly points out the degradation and peril entailed by its preponderance at the capital. The discourse may be considered as a disquisition on State affairs in general, from the point of view of abstract political science. Synesius's notions on the true place of the trading and working classes in the State are narrow and unpractical, a compound of philosophic superciliousness and Dorian aristocratic feeling. It was easier to lay down maxims for the guidance of rulers, and Synesius's admonitions to Arcadius would do him great honour if we could be sure that they were actually delivered as published. Perhaps they were, for despots have sometimes found freedom of speech the most exquisite form of adulation. They strongly recall his contemporary Claudian's noble address to Honorius, *Si tibi Parthorum solium Fortuna dedisset*, &c. Another work, suggested by the circumstances of the time, was his singular philosophical romance *The Egyptians; or, On Providence*. It seems to be admitted that this work, apart from its philosophical tendency, is a concealed political satire; that the Consul Aurelian is represented in the character of Osiris, and his inimical brother as Typhon; but the clue is only partially in our hands, and without it the piece is scarcely intelligible. The result of Synesius's embassy is not known, but we shall hardly err in conjecturing that it was determined by the length of the Cyrenaic purse. His own private funds were exhausted before his return, and he had to borrow sixty pieces of gold from a friend, who took a receipt for seventy, and ultimately received back eighty. His departure, precipitated by an earthquake, was more abrupt than exactly accorded with philosophic dignity. He took ship for Alexandria, where, after a short delay, he again embarked for Cyrene.

His account of his adventures on this voyage is a most entertaining piece of narrative in itself, and a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the maritime concerns of the later Empire. These appear to have fully participated in the general disorganization and decay. The vessel was manned by twelve sailors, half of whom, with the master, were Jews—"that execrable nation," observes Synesius, "which considers it a meritorious work to destroy as many Greeks as possible." The other six were peasants, unused to the oar, and without exception crippled or deformed. Fifty passengers entrusted themselves to the care of this efficient crew. Either communication between Alexandria and Cyrene was infrequent, or the vessel was not considered less eligible than others. All the voyagers were deck passengers, a third of them women, who were parted from the rest by a screen of sail-cloth. Synesius describes the incidents of the voyage in a very amusing style. He tells how, a storm having arisen, the master, who acted as helmsman, prostrated himself on the deck at sunset, to the dismay of the passengers, who supposed that he despaired of their safety, until they found that his motive was reverence for the Jewish sabbath; how they continued to be tossed until, in that mariner's opinion, the danger amounted to a dispensation from the letter of the law of Moses; how the damaged rigging could not be repaired in consequence of the second set of sails being in pawn; how the vessel was ultimately guided to a safe anchorage by a friendly Libyan, and passengers and crew supported themselves for a week by fishing. This spirited narrative derives much

additional interest from the scene being so nearly that of the shipwreck described in the *Rudens* of Plautus, or rather of Diphilus. A few more such lively pictures of every-day life would go far to relieve the dullness of the dreary and uncreative epoch in which Synesius flourished. We should especially like to know whether what appears to us the phenomenon of a semi-Jewish crew was then ordinary or exceptional. Were the Jews engrossing what remained of commerce? or had the vessel come into her Hebrew owner's hands as an unredeemed pledge, or for a bad debt? He and his co-religionists are certainly spoken of as professional sailors; the Gentiles as taken from the plough.

The next scene of Synesius's life introduces him in a character almost unknown since his day, that of a North African country gentleman. He resided on an estate on the extreme southern border of Cyrenaica, near the salt mines of Ammonium. His description of his way of life is very agreeable, with every allowance for the temptation to draw ideal pictures of rural felicity for the benefit of remote correspondents. The country was pastoral then as now; he possessed herds of horses, cattle, sheep, and goats; no mention is made of camels. But it was also agricultural; olives abounded, and the rich oil served for lamps; there was abundance of grain and fruit, but we find no especial mention of dates. The daily bill of fare comprised wheaten bread, fruit, honey, and goat's milk. The milk of the cow seems to have been neglected, perhaps as unsuitable for the climate. Another important item was wild-fowl, fresh or smoked; the latter a German delicacy at this day, but not, Synesius says, acceptable to the palates of African town-people. Synesius was a keen sportsman. He draws a pleasing picture of his rural neighbours, which may be compared with Claudian's beautiful lines on the old husbandman of Verona. They were a simple race, who knew the Emperor solely by his tax-gatherer, could only conceive of the sea as a large pond, and received Synesius's anecdotes of his voyages as excellent travellers' tales. He speaks of their popular poetry, of their songs in praise of the fig and the vine, the prolific sheep, the watch-dog, and the hunter. He also mentions their religious chants and metrical prayers. It is much to be regretted that he has preserved no specimen of this indigenous literature, nor even told us in what language it was extant. His leisure would have been much better occupied in this manner than in the composition of such of his own works as belong to this period. The essay on Dio Chrysostom, the declamation in praise of baldness, and the tract on dreams, merely serve to illustrate the intellectual poverty and frivolity of the epoch. Synesius, however, studied as well as wrote. He speaks of parting with ornaments (his wife's by the way) and furniture to purchase books, which were no doubt scarce and dear in his Libyan retreat. He also maintained an active correspondence with the most distinguished sophists of Constantinople and Alexandria. The Western Empire, although then adorned by writers so immeasurably superior to their Eastern contemporaries as Claudian and Augustine, is never mentioned, and seems to have had, in an intellectual point of view, no existence for either Christian or heathen Greeks. There are few more singular phenomena than the co-existence for centuries in the same empire of two great literatures, the more substantially valuable of which has borrowed half its characteristics from the other, by which it is utterly ignored, and which it is unable to influence in the slightest degree.

The irruptions of barbarians, contemptible in themselves, but formidable to a cowardly and incompetent Government, drove Synesius from his rural seclusion. He appears to have taken a very active part both in opposing the enemy in the field and in representing the grievances of his fellow-citizens at the Imperial Court. The public influence he thus acquired was probably the indirect cause of the last and most startling phase of his career, his metamorphosis into a bishop, A.D. 410. His conversion was not an extraordinary incident in itself. He probably had never regarded the heathen divinities as anything but symbols of the powers of nature, and the Neoplatonic philosophy he professed had many points of contact with Christianity. But what is really remarkable is the prompt elevation of the convert to episcopal rank, and the reserves which accompanied the transaction. Difficulties, both of doctrine and discipline, had to be overcome. His Neoplatonic views of the corruption of matter were incompatible with the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body; and his condition as a married man, according to the canons then in force, was no less inconsistent with the episcopal office. He stood firm on both points, and carried both. It is indeed said, though on indifferent authority, that after a while his opinions became entirely orthodox; and as his wife is no more mentioned in his correspondence, it has been conjectured that she was persuaded to retire into a convent. We hope, for Synesius's credit, that this surmise is unfounded. The whole transaction is strongly illustrative of the healthy energy of the Church in that period, and of her instinctive good sense in finding and using the man she wanted, without heeding plausible scruples and pedantic objections. Not many years previously St. Ambrose, when as yet only a catechumen, had been forcibly made Bishop of Milan on the suggestion of a child, who was immediately felt to have expressed the popular instinct. Synesius justified his elevation by firmness and vigilance in the assertion of the privileges of the Church, tempered by an enlightened spirit of humanity so rare in the ecclesiastics of his age that we can hardly err in ascribing it to his philosophic training. His most important contest was with Andronicus, the governor of the province, who infringed the right of affording sanctuary claimed for sacred edifices. Modern ideas would determine the question in favour of Andronicus, but

in days when the governor was usually the capital enemy of the province the question must have worn quite a different aspect. Synesius found an opportunity of showing his superiority to the prejudices of his time in a characteristic dispute between two neighbouring bishops, Paulus and Dioscorus. The contest was for the possession of a hill, on which stood a ruined fort. Paulus surreptitiously consecrated a portion of the ruin as a chapel, and falsified the date of the transaction in order to prove that it had long been under his jurisdiction. The imposture was soon detected, but the Cyrenaic Synod could not get over the undoubted fact of the consecration. In language not unlike that recently employed by Bishop Thirlwall, Synesius denounced the idea that legal rights could be conferred by fraudulent resort to a sacred ceremony. His eloquence prevailed, but the affair was eventually settled by a compromise. Such is a specimen of the occupations of the latter years of his life, which was also largely employed in resisting the inroads of the Libyan savages, and embittered by the deaths of his children. As none of his letters are later than A.D. 415, it is supposed that he did not long survive that date.

Two centuries after his death Synesius became the subject of an ecclesiastical legend. His aberration from orthodoxy was regarded as a blot upon his character, which a certain Joannes Moschus, author of a work entitled the *Spiritual Meadow*, kindly undertook to efface. According to him, the objection to the resurrection of the body was not entertained by Synesius, but by a philosopher named Euagrius, who would neither believe in that doctrine nor in that of a future retribution. Synesius, however, insisting that these things were certainly so, the philosopher consented to be baptized, and to bestow three talents on the poor, upon condition of receiving an acknowledgment for the money, and an undertaking that he should be repaid in the life to come. Upon his death he directed that the receipt should be buried along with him. Three days afterwards he appeared in a vision to Synesius and requested to be disinterred. This was done, when it was found that the document had disappeared. In its place was a letter from the spirit (a fact for Mr. Home this) stating that his three talents had been punctually repaid him. It does not appear whether he got any interest. By imagining how Synesius himself would have treated such a story, we may obtain some measure of the degeneracy of religion in the two centuries following his death. Joannes Moschus's ability was much on a par with his veracity; but at all events he knew his public, what they were fit for, and what was fit for them. No wonder that Mohammedanism made such rapid progress. The salt of the earth had lost its savour, and wherewith should it be salted?

#### TEN THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL.\*

CAPTAIN TOWNSHEND has written a very interesting book which has the rather unusual fault of being too much condensed. A journey of five months' duration, which carried the author from England by way of New York to California, and home again by Panama and the West Indies, might certainly have furnished material for a more ambitious work than the small volume which is now before us, especially as the writer had the good fortune to be attached to different parties of American troops employed in active operations against the Indians on the plains of the Far West. The book, however, although little more than a diary, must be of great interest to those who desire to catch a glimpse of the wild life led beyond the Missouri; and of special value to any sportsmen who may contemplate an excursion to the buffalo grounds of Kansas, or the rugged spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Nor are the short notices of the civilized life of the Eastern cities of America unworthy of remark, for they are made by an evidently well-educated man who, starting without either political or religious theories, viewed facts without partiality or prejudice.

Captain Townshend, with a brother officer, Mr. Kendall, sailed from Southampton last August, and crossed the Atlantic to New York. His first impressions of the New World were unfavourable, as the American doctrine of equality, which he believes to be more dear to the people than political liberty, leads all railway officials, servants, and hotel waiters to display rudeness and incivility as a sign of independence, which, however, as he afterwards ascertained, although intolerant of social distinction, is not proof against a judicious tip. The traveller in the Eastern States who wishes to journey comfortably must be prepared to submit to a much more serious blackmail than in this country, if he would secure ordinary courtesy and attendance on the railways and steamboats, and in the hotels. After a few days spent in New York, where the great want of organization of street conveyances such as exists in London was seriously experienced, Captain Townshend visited Boston and Saratoga, and gaining Lake Genesee, by the head waters of the Hudson, pushed into the Wilderness of New York. Here he stayed some time, shooting deer and other game with much success. Few people in England realize the fact that within the State of New York itself, and within an easy railway journey of the great city, a sportsman can find all the excitement of wild life and a most excellent field for his rifle. Starting from Port Kent on Lake Champlain, where steam communication ceases, a plank road leads to Franklin's Falls, about thirty miles distant. Here the plank road ceases, and the rest of the way is marked by a mere track, with stumps of trees and

rocks profusely scattered along it, the swampy places alone being crossed by a corduroy road which is formed by a number of pine trees laid down close together across the treacherous ground. Half a day's journey in a waggon along this track brings the traveller to Martin's Hotel on the Lower Saranac Lake, where he can procure the tents, provisions, guides, and canoes necessary for his purpose, as water is the only means of travel through the forest which is called the Wilderness of New York. The canoes are carried from one lake or river to another, or past rapids, by the hunters themselves and their guides, or by waggons provided at the more frequented "carries" by backwoodsmen, who take toll of passing sportsmen for this service, and for the loan of their dogs. The Wilderness abounds with deer, and in some places bears are found; but the latter have been nearly exterminated, together with the Indians who formerly possessed these hunting-grounds. Much feathered game is found, but the magnificent trees of which novelists so freely tell do not exist; for it is the exception to see very large trees, as, from their growing so close together, there is not room for them to spread.

After seeing the Wilderness, it was but natural that the travellers should enter the adjacent territory of Canada, where they paid hurried visits to Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and returned to the States by the Falls of Niagara. They pushed south by Washington and Richmond, to visit some of the scenes of the great civil war, and eventually regained New York by way of Baltimore. Thence they started west with recommendations and introductions to all the posts and outposts between New York and San Francisco, and after a railway run of a thousand miles reached Chicago. By great good fortune a conclave of the military commanders of the Western States was assembled at that town at the time of their arrival, who decided that a scouting party should be sent, under General Augur, to look after some Indians who were creating disturbances between the Republican and Smoky Hill tributaries of the Kansas river, and who threatened to molest the progress of the great line of railway which was being constructed across the continent to connect the ports of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific. With General Augur they travelled by railway to Omaha, on the Missouri, where they obtained all necessaries for hunting in the plains, and then started on their hunting and scouting expedition. Fourteen hours on the Union Pacific Railway brought them to a station two hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, where they were met by a detachment of American cavalry, accompanied by fifty Indians of the Pawnee tribe, which is at peace with the United States. They accompanied this detachment in its movements, but relieved the monotony of the daily march by hunting buffaloes. This is an exceedingly interesting portion of the book, as it tells us clearly of the life of the American soldiers employed in scouting the Indians, as well as of those who are stationed in the defensive outposts beyond the Missouri to guard the line and stations of the Union Pacific Railway. Among the men so employed are many of those who were engaged on either side during the great struggle for Secession, and who have since had frequent life-and-death tussles with the Indians, whom they strive to exterminate; while some had figured as Fenian leaders in Ireland, and escaped with difficulty from the gaols of the British Government. Round their camp-fires they told their adventures, and it is to be regretted that more of such stories are not repeated to us in the book. Enough is said to show that their lives must be singularly hard and precarious while engaged in Indian warfare, and if captured they are subjected by their savage enemies to most horrible tortures and mutilations before death is allowed to relieve them of their agonies.

After leaving the detachment commanded by General Augur, Captain Townshend travelled across the plains to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and describes well the towns which he passed, inhabited by gamblers and ruffians who act as the vanguard of the advance of the railway. In these mushroom cities human life is anything but sacred; every man is armed with bowie-knife and revolver, and murder is lightly dealt with, even when the murderer is caught and brought before the authorities. Horse-thieving, which is regarded as a more serious crime, is punished with Lynch-law by the Vigilantes, or Societies of Vigilants, formed of the more respectable portions of the inhabitants of each settlement, who execute their decrees secretly and at night, apparently without any trial of the offender; and in consequence it is not uncommon to find in the morning, suspended from a tree, the dead bodies of six or seven horse-stealers who have been hung during the night by their fellow-citizens, with notices beneath them to other suspects that if they do not directly quit the place they will meet with a similar fate. In the Rocky Mountains with a detachment of American troops the author enjoyed some good shooting, and then pushed forward to the city of Salt Lake. Here he was presented to Brigham Young, whom he saw afterwards at the theatre with about forty of his children. Of the order and cleanliness of Salt Lake city he speaks in high terms, and although he is much opposed to polygamy, the distinctive characteristic of the religion of the Saints, he acknowledges that the good order of Utah is a striking contrast to the ruffianly life which prevails in the towns near at hand which spring up as the railway is pushed forward.

From Utah he crossed the Sierra Nevada into California, and spent some little time at Sacramento. The days of finding fortunes in golden nuggets in the beds of streams have long since passed away, and gold is now worked from the mine, and the ore crushed in crushing-mills driven by water-power. The mines are almost entirely the monopoly of one large Company.

\* *Ten Thousand Miles of Travel, Sport, and Adventure.* By Captain F. T. Townshend, 2nd Life Guards. London: Hurst & Blackett.



Yet the State of California, although no longer offering gold to every adventurer, produces wonderful fruits, which are superior, both in size and flavour, to any that are found in either Europe or America. It would be a worthy problem for botanists to investigate whether the same conditions of temperature and climate which led of old to the production of the Wellingtonia still exist in California, and cause the colossal size attained by the fruit of the country. From Sacramento to San Francisco there is steam communication, and the journey from the latter port home by Panama has been accomplished by so many persons that it needs little comment.

On the whole Captain Townshend has simply and clearly told a very welcome tale; and although he might have enlarged upon various portions of his theme, those who read his work will be well repaid for the very slight trouble which it will cause them. It is a satisfactory sign of the progress of our military ideas that officers are now enabled to expand their minds and acquire much useful knowledge by permission to travel in foreign countries, and are not perpetually confined to the dreary monotony of the drill-ground and the barrack-yard. There could hardly be a better school for an officer than American travel and buffalo-hunting, and we trust that Captain Townshend may be but the pioneer of a road which many will pursue in preference to throwing away time, money, and health in the dreary enjoyments of London, or the feverish excitement of Paris. It is satisfactory also that one of the first Englishmen fortunate enough to have enjoyed buffalo-hunting on the Western plains should be capable of so well telling his adventures that he is likely to tempt many to follow his example.

#### GÉRICAUT.\*

THIS is one of the most interesting artistic biographies that we ever read, and though, from a needless excess of modesty, the author tells us in his preface that he began the work trembling, and had never before been so much alarmed and afflicted by the sense of his inefficiency, still he has got through his task very creditably. Few French artists interest us more than Géricault, but hitherto we have known little about him; the present volume is therefore welcome, and the more so that the author has evidently taken great pains to supply himself with all attainable information, and to convey it to his readers. M. Clément exaggerates the rank of Géricault as a painter when he calls him "le plus grand artiste de notre temps," but a biographer seldom does his best without a degree of interest in his subject amounting to enthusiasm, and this excessive admiration for Géricault has done no harm to M. Clément's book. Géricault was certainly one of the most remarkable artists that ever lived. He had great natural powers, combined with unusual courage, and, notwithstanding his early death, he left behind him two or three works which in their way are masterpieces, and which are enough to ensure the permanence of his fame. During his life, however, neither Géricault nor his friends had any assurance that his reputation would be permanent, and indeed there can be no doubt that the fate of it greatly depended upon the admission of one large picture into the Gallery of the Louvre, the chances of which were in the highest degree precarious, as the reader will see when the story of it is fully told.

Géricault was born at Rouen in 1791, and was the son of a lawyer connected with the best families in the neighbourhood. His early youth was passed in a cultivated and intelligent society, and under the influence of his mother, who is remembered as a clever and beautiful woman. The family afterwards settled in Paris, and Géricault, still very young, was sent to school, where he distinguished himself chiefly by his idleness. He lost his mother at the age of ten, but always preserved a vivid recollection of her. On leaving the preparatory school where he had been placed as a child, he was sent to the *lycée* Louis-le-Grand, where he was very unhappy, having no taste whatever for classical studies, or indeed for literary studies of any kind. He had a great passion for drawing, and a precocious love of horses, the union of which tastes made him, in after life, the best draughtsman of that animal that France has yet produced. It may be observed in his case, as in others, that the literary and artistic constitutions, though sometimes found united in the same person, are quite independent of each other; so that Géricault, who from the artistic point of view was a young genius, was from the literary point of view uncommonly stupid and idle. It is the misfortune of the system of education so steadily pursued in public schools that, if a boy has not a natural capacity for severe literary studies, he is made to feel stupid, and to suffer all the consequences of stupidity, when his intellect may nevertheless be quite bright and clear in some other direction. A boy with a genius for art or for natural history may easily pass for a blockhead in a classical school, and the sense of the discrepancy between his natural gifts and the figure that he makes in the little world around him is often enough to make him irritable and unhappy. When Géricault could get away from his books he went to some stable and drew horses, and so absorbed was he in these studies that he used to spend whole days with his favourite animals, and was with great difficulty induced to come to his meals. At Rouen he lived opposite a blacksmith's shop, whither he went early in the morning, to return only at night. One day he painted a sign for

the blacksmith, and an Englishman, recognising a knowledge of horses which even then was remarkable, offered the blacksmith 800 francs for his picture. The blacksmith refused, but when Géricault heard the story, he advised him to part with his sign, promising to replace it. We should have been glad to know the exact date of this event, but it is not given in M. Clément's book; it must, however, have been prior to 1808, because Géricault left the *lycée* in that year (at the age of sixteen) and he painted the blacksmith's sign during a vacation. Many boys have a great liking for horses, but Géricault's amounted to a passion; he would go to the circus whenever he had the chance, and run alongside carriages to watch the action of the horses that drew them. He was an excellent rider across country, and one of the first of his youthful purchases was a horse. On leaving the *lycée*, Géricault had to choose a profession, and of course wanted to be a painter, but his father objected, and used all gentle means to dissuade him. On this Géricault opened his heart to his maternal uncle, M. Caruel de Saint-Martin, who entered into his project and begged Géricault's father to lend him his son to work in his business. When the youth lived in this way with his uncle he enjoyed perfect liberty for study, and went to work with Carle Vernet. Much later, in 1817, he worked in the studio of Guérin, where he acquired very soon a singular influence over his fellow pupils. There is an amusing anecdote of this period which may be worth telling. Géricault had obtained the favour of being permitted to copy the "Invocation to Esculapius" in Guérin's own studio, which was under the same roof as that of his pupils, and on the story above. One day, during Guérin's absence, the lads got up a great battle, in which they made use of water as a projectile. The attacking party marched up the staircase, and threw a pitcherful of water at Géricault, who replied by other pitcherfuls; but considering the advantages of his position, the assailants, though numerous, retreated after each attack. Now it so happened that just as the staircase was clear of them, the master, Guérin, ascended it, and in the heat of warfare Géricault did not perceive who it was, but threw a whole pailful of water on his head. The unlucky young man went back in much confusion to his easel, and for some minutes the master remained perfectly silent, and occupied himself in drying his hair as well as he could, but the silence was broken at last. "Monsieur Géricault, you will do me the pleasure to take your box and your easel, and to go down into the pupils' studio." And Géricault never again worked in the same room with his master.

Géricault worked regularly in Guérin's studio about six months only, but afterwards continued his studies severely elsewhere, and the following note has been found in his handwriting, by which we may learn very accurately the course of his studies at that time. "It is interesting to see that, like some other great painters, Géricault studied the kindred art of music, and that he did not neglect such literature and science as were likely to be useful to him in his profession:—

"Dessiner et peindre les grands maîtres antiques."  
"Lire et composer. Anatomie—antiquité—musique—italien."  
"Suivre les cours d'antiquité, les mardis et samedis à deux heures."  
"Décembre, peindre une figure chez Dorcy. Le soir, dessiner d'après l'antique et composer quelques sujets. M'occuper de musique."  
"Janvier, aller chez M. Guérin pour peindre d'après nature."  
"Février, m'occuper uniquement du style des maîtres et composer sans sortir et toujours seul."

He was fond of copying pictures by favourite masters, and did more work of that kind than is generally customary with young men of considerable original powers. He made copies from Titian, Raffaele, Caravaggio, Salvator, Spada, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Van Oost, Weenix, Jouvenet, Lesueur, Bourdon, Rigaud, Prudhon, Velasquez, Mola, and Ward. It is curious, considering the intensely strong prejudice which has always existed all over the Continent against English art, and nowhere more powerfully than in France, that Géricault should have copied an English picture, but it is one of the remarkable proofs of his originality and independence of mind that he always warmly appreciated English art.

Géricault painted some portraits in early life, and some compositions of which we have not space to speak here. He always retained his passion for the horse; and as his uncle Caruel was rich, and had a fine property near Versailles, he used to go there and study hard. The Imperial stables at Versailles offered fine models also. But not only had Géricault a rich and friendly uncle, he had a fortune of his own, 400*l.* a year—enough for independence and peace of mind, at least in the condition of a bachelor, but not enough to expose him to the troubles and anxieties of wealth. He was very strong and active, and remarkably agreeable in society. With these advantages, and a genuine natural gift of a certain kind for art, Géricault seemed, as a young man, to have every reason to look forward to a happy and fortunate career. The serious pursuit of art, however, is scarcely compatible, under any circumstances, with that tranquil contentment which is necessary to happiness, and all young artists who are worthy of the name are too much absorbed by the ambition to excel, to enjoy very heartily what the present may have to offer them. It need not therefore surprise any reader to learn that Géricault was "souvent triste, sombre, absorbé."

In 1812 he exhibited his "Chasseur à Cheval," painted in a month or six weeks in a back shop on the Boulevard Montmartre, just where the well-known Passage Jouffroy now exists. The only model for the horse was a tired cab-horse that was brought to the studio every morning. Of course the poor beast

\* Géricault. *Étude biographique et critique, avec le Catalogue raisonné de l'œuvre du maître.* Par Charles Clément. Paris: Didier.

had no action of the kind suitable to a charger, but at any rate it was a horse, and, as the painter said, "je le regardais, et cela me remettait du cheval dans la tête." The picture made some sensation, and a gold medal was awarded to its author, but the work was not bought, and this was discouraging. Next came the "Cuirassier Blessé," and this picture, which was painted in a few days, had less success than its predecessor, for it was neither praised, nor medalled, nor bought, and no commission followed. After lying in Gérault's studio for years, where they were a continual discouragement to him, these pictures passed through various vicissitudes. M. Jamar was making a copy of the "Cuirassier," when Gérault in the bitterness of his heart begged him to desist, and to cover the original picture with a coat of white lead, an order that M. Jamar took care not to obey. After the painter's death they were bought at the sale of his effects, by the Duke of Orleans, and, owing to the fortunate circumstance that they had been lent for exhibition, escaped the destruction to which they would have been exposed at the Palais-Royal in the year 1848. At the sale of Louis-Philippe's pictures, in 1861, these two pictures, whose unsaleableness had made the painter's existence miserable, were bought by the Government for the Louvre, for nearly a thousand pounds. "C'est égal," he used to say, "vos amis ont beau vous assurer que vous avez du talent; lorsqu'on voit que personne au monde ne consentirait à déboursier un liard pour vos ouvrages, il est impossible de ne pas douter de soi et de ne pas se sentir découragé!" And then, as his biographer tells us, he would add, "Et en effet c'est là la véritable pierre de touche."

It is perfectly natural that an artist should feel discouraged when his works are unsaleable, but we by no means agree with Gérault that the immediate saleableness of a picture is the test of its quality, still less of the general capacity of the artist. A picture may be sold for many other reasons than artistic reasons, and it may be rendered unsaleable by causes quite irrespective of the merits of the artist. A dealer in the North of England, who lives in a town where Evangelical Protestantism is very strong, and where the Church of Rome and all belonging to it is regarded with abhorrence, advised an artist who was going to travel on the Continent never to introduce priests, or monks, or sisters of charity in his pictures, still less any hint of the splendid ceremonies of the Catholic Church, because, if he did, he would narrow his market. An artist who painted the nude figure, however seriously and purely, would find it impossible to sell his works in the general English market, though there are a few buyers who still give some encouragement to the severer kind of study. We might fill an article with the enumeration of impediments to sale which are independent of the quality of the work; but one word includes all of them. In every age there is a fashion in picture-buying, as there is in everything else, and the successful painters (in the worldly sense) are those who hit the fashion, whatever it may be. Gérault had ten times the ability necessary to earn a good income by painting, but it did not happen to be the fashion to buy his works. And it may easily have happened that the saleable part of his talent had not yet been presented in an attractive shape. A man who could paint horses as Gérault could ought always to be able to earn much more than enough to live upon.

We have often heard artists say that if they were independent in money matters they would pursue art happily, whether their pictures were saleable or not, but this we believe to be in most cases an illusion. A painter always desires to sell his pictures, not necessarily because he wants money, but because it is discouraging to him to think that nobody will give anything for his labours. This was the case with Gérault, and we have never known a painter of independent private means who did not see the matter much in the same light.

(To be continued.)

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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**ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL-SESSION** 1869 and 1870.—A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. STONE, on Friday, October 1, at Three o'clock P.M., after which the DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES will take place.  
For Entrance or Prospectuses, and for information relating to Prizes and all other matters, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, The Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.E.

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By Order of the President.  
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**FRENCH FASHIONS for the AUTUMN.**—The MILLINER, the MANAGER of the MANTLE DEPARTMENT, and other Caterers of Fashions from Messrs. JAY'S, are now in Paris, and in the course of a few days whatever New Fashions may have been prepared for the *grande mode* of Paris will also be seen in Messrs. JAY'S show Rooms. In the meantime a miscellaneous collection of Rich Velvet Mantles, and Rich Silk Dresses, all excellent patterns, will be sold at much below Cost Price. JAY'S.

**SEAL SKIN MANTLES.**—Ladies wanting SEAL SKIN MANTLES may be assured there are great advantages in buying them early in the Season. Messrs. JAY have an excellent assortment, well seasoned and very cheap. JAY'S.

**RICH FRENCH BLACK SILKS.**—The best SILKS, and which alone can be warranted to wear, are manufactured by M. BONNET & CIE, of Lyons. The Manufacturers' Names will be found woven in the end of each Piece. JAY'S.

**MOORING, One Guinea and a Half the Dress.**—JANUS CORD, manufactured expressly for Messrs. JAY, and recommended by them as the best, the cheapest, and the most durable material at the price, for Mooring. JANUS CORD makes up remarkably well, and Ladies who at this season of the year wear Black for choice will find it an excellent wearing Dress. JAY'S.

**THE WIDOW'S CRAPE.**—A special CRAPE to indicate the deepest Mourning. This CRAPE is very durable, and will neither change colour nor lose its clasp by exposure to wet. It cannot be bought at any other Establishment in the kingdom, unless the Vendor has previously purchased it at JAY'S.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 217, 219, and 221 REGENT STREET.

**WOOD TAPESTRY DECORATIONS.** HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 2,138. Superseding all other kinds. SHOW ROOMS—25 AND 27 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

**FILMER'S BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BEDROOM** FURNITURE.—An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Prices of 1,000 Articles of BEDROOM FURNITURE, sent (free by post) on application to FILMER & SON, Upholsterers, 31 and 33 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. 1. Factory, 31 and 33 Charles Street.

**NOTICE.**—The POSTMASTER-GENERAL having decided that it is his duty to return to the writers, as "Insufficiently Addressed," all Letters directed without Initials or Number to "SMEE & COMPANY, FINSBURY," JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY, urgently request their Correspondents to direct their Letters and Orders in full as under: JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY, 6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, MOORGATE TERMINUS.

**WILLIAM A. & SYLVANUS SMEE,** CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, BEDDING WAREHOUSEMEN, and APPRAISERS, 6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C. Ask the favour of a Call to look through their Stock.

**SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS** (BUCKLE'S PATENT), SUITABLE FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF METAL AND WOOD BEDSTEADS.

May be obtained (price from 25s.) of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, and of

W. A. & S. SMEE.

6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

CAUTION.—Each Mattress should bear the Patent Label.

**FURNISH your HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES;** they are the Cheapest in the End.—DEANE & CO.'S New ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Prices FURNISHING LIST, gratis and post-free. This List is arranged to facilitate Purchases in the selection of Goods, comprises Table Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Lamps, Baths, Stoves, Fenders, Fire-irons, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, Copper, Tin, and Brass Goods; Culinary Utensils, Turnery, Braziers, Mats, &c. A Discount of 5 per cent. for Cash Payments of 25 and upwards.—DEANE & CO., 46 King William Street, London Bridge. A.B. 1708.

**CUTLERY, Warranted.**—The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all warranted, is on Sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at Prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the Sales.

IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives.		Desert Knives.		Carvers.
	s. d.	per Dozen	s. d.	per Pair	s. d.
21-inch Ivory Handles	13	10	10	6	5 9
31-inch fine Ivory Balance Handles	18	11	14	11	5 9
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles	16	11	16	11	5 9
4-inch fine Ivory Handles	21	11	21	11	6 6
4-inch finest African Ivory Handles	35	11	27	11	12 2
Ditto, with Silver Ferrules	42	11	35	11	13 6
Ditto, with Silver Blades	40	11	33	11	13 6
Nickel Electro Silver Handles	23	11	19	11	7 6

**BATHS and TOILET WARE.**—The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make this Establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, &c., Pillar Showers, 25 to 45 12s.; Nursery, 16s. to 25s.; Sponging, 6s. to 25s.; Hip, 12s. to 25s.; A large assortment of Gas Furnaces, Hot and Cold Pumps, Vapour and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 11s. 6d. to 45s. the Set of Three.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger,** by Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post-paid. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

Electro Plate, and Britannia Metal Goods, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Urns and Kettles, Stoves and Fenders, Table Cutlery, Marble Chimney-pieces, Clocks and Candelabras, Baths and Toilet Ware, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding and Bed-linings, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, Turnery Goods, Kitchen Utensils, &c.

With List of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 20 Oxford Street, W. 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

**THE AGRA BANK, Limited.**—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.  
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.  
Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.  
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz:—  
At 5 cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.  
At 4 ditto ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto  
At 3 ditto ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge, and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.  
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.  
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.  
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

**PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, Lombard Street and Charing Cross.**

Established 1782.  
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.  
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.  
The whole Fire Insurance Duty is now Remitted.  
GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

**BRITISH EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

31 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Established in 1847.  
THE SEVENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS WILL BE DECLARED IN 1870.  
ALFRED LENCH SAUL, Secretary.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Insituted 1826.  
The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses secured thereon, amount to about £2,500,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £600,000.

The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income. It will hence be seen that ample SECURITY is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and most liberal conditions.

The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.  
Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, W.

ESTABLISHED 1826.  
CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

ABOLITION OF FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.

Insurances against Fire can be effected with this Company on every description of Property, at moderate rates of premium, and entirely free of duty.

Policy Holders, and all intending Insurers, should take advantage of this concession to protect themselves fully from loss by Fire, and as the present is the most opportune time to benefit by the discount of 42 per cent. per annum allowed on all Policies taken out for a longer period than one year, the Directors recommend such insurances being effected.

Securitized Policies are charged only Six Years' Premium.  
Prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims.

The total Commission allowed on Foreign and Ship Insurances.  
JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

**HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,**

1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Insituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1868.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—69 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of the First Series.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1868), £1,252,174.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

**MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.**

**SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.**

EDINBURGH: 6 ST. ANDREW'S SQUARE.

LONDON: 8 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

In this Society alone, Members can assure with right to share in whole Profits at Moderate Premiums.

In other Offices they may assure at rates as low, but without any prospect of additions; or they may obtain the right to Profits, but only by payment of excessive rates.

TRANSFER OF ASSURANCES.

From its very moderate rates this Society is peculiarly suited to the case of those who may have reasons for wishing to transfer their Assurances to an Office of undoubted stability. Even after several years this may be effected without much (if any) pecuniary loss.

Realised Funds, from accumulation of Premiums alone, above £1,500,000—the increase in last year being £133,000, not exceeded in that year, it is believed, by any British Office not an amalgamation.

Subsisting Assurances, £5,500,000.

For full information as to Financial Position see the Annual Reports, of which Copies may be had on application.

The "Insurance Register" (Kent & Co. London) gives Inquirers the means of judging as to the position of the various Offices. The facts there brought together show that no Office gives evidences of greater progress or stability than the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**

3 PRINCES STREET, BARK, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1855 ON THE MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

Directors.

Daniel Burgess, Esq., Bristol.  
Peter Cator, Esq.,  
Thomas Charrington, Esq.,  
Henry W. Daughlish, Esq.,  
Francis J. Deane, Esq.,  
Frederick Engelhardt, Esq.,  
Edw. Glazebrook, Esq., Liverpool.  
Alex. P. Hogarth, Esq., Aberdeen.  
Chandos Wren-Hookyns, Esq., M.P.

Henry Keibel, Esq.,  
Joseph S. Lecher, Esq.,  
Thomas Lloyd, Esq., Birmingham.  
Daniel P. Loc, Esq.,  
Joseph Pease, Esq., Darlington.  
Henry Sturt, Esq.,  
George Vaughan, Esq.,  
Richard S. Wilkinson, Esq.

The greatest economy is exercised in the management, the Expenses not exceeding three and a half per cent. on the gross income. No Agents being employed, the Directors rely for the introduction of business mainly on the co-operation of Members. No Commission has ever been allowed, by which it is calculated that upwards of £25,000 have been saved.

The whole of the Profits are applied to the reduction of the Premiums of Members of Five years' standing or upwards.

The Assets in hand amount to upwards of 75 per cent. of all Premiums received, and to nearly 32 per cent. of the entire Sum assured.

The Sum Assured ..... £1,000,000  
" Gross Income ..... 185,000  
" Accumulated Fund ..... 1,255,000  
" Total Claims paid ..... 1,140,000  
" Profits returned to Members in reduction of Premiums ..... 860,000

For the Year ending the 31st of April, 1870, an Abatement of Premium on Members' Assurances, First Series, has been declared at the rate of 56 per cent.

Prospectuses and detailed Accounts may be obtained on application at the Office.

August, 1869. HENRY MARSHALL, Actuary.

**DIVIDENDS 5 and 10 to 20 PER CENT.**

For Safe and Profitable Investments

Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free).

It contains all the best-paying and most Stock and Share Investments of the Day.

CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.

Messrs. SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 33 Poultry, London, E.C.  
(Established 1852.) Bankers, London and Westminster, Leith, &c.

**LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**

10 FLEET STREET, TEMPLE BAR, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

Invested Funds ..... £1,540,000

Annual Income ..... 300,000

LOANS ARE GRANTED ON THE SECURITY OF LIFE INTERESTS OR REVERSIONS.

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

**ENGLISH and SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 12 WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.** (Established 1829.)

Directors in London.

Sir WILLIAM J. ALEXANDER, Bart., Q.C., Chairman.

Rt. Hon. THOMAS E. HEADLAM, M.P., Q.C., Deputy-Chairman.

George Amesley, Esq.,

Sir R. W. C. Browning, Bart.

Frederick W. Caldwell, Esq.,

Henry Charles Chilton, Esq.,

Sir John W. Fisher,

Frederick James Fuller, Esq.,

Frederic Karoline, Esq.,

Charles S. Whitmore, Esq., Q.C.

Physician—HY. WM. FULLER, Esq., M.D., 13 Manchester Square, London.

Surgeon—CHARLES WAITE, Esq., 3 Old Burlington Street, London.

Solicitors—Messrs. CAPRON, DALTON, & HITCHINS, 1 Saville Place, New Burlington Street, London.

Every description of Life Assurance business, whether Civil, Naval, or Military, at Home or Abroad.

LOANS granted, in connexion with Life Assurance, on Personal Security with Sureties, also on Life Interests and on Reversions.

For Prospectus and every information, apply to the Secretary,  
J. HILL WILLIAMS, 12 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

**SCOTTISH UNION FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

LONDON—37 Cornhill.

EDINBURGH—47 George Street.

DUBLIN—52 Dame Street.

Established 1821. Capital, £3,000,000.

INVESTED FUNDS.

Invested Funds upwards of ..... £1,645,013 0 0

Amount of Life Insurances in force ..... 4,300,000 0 0

The Total Revenue of the Company from all sources now amounts to ..... £25,328 0 0

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.

JOHN JACKSON, Assistant-Secretary.

**THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION, for FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.**

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

OFFICES—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and 7 PALL MALL, S.W.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

This Department is conducted free of expense to the Assured—an advantage afforded by no other Office.

Enlarged limits for Travelling and Residence Abroad without extra charge.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Fire Insurances effected at moderate rates upon every description of Property. No charge for Government Duty or Policy in any case.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Marine Insurances can be effected at the Head Office, and at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Mauritius, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

CHIEF OFFICE—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—29 PALL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq.

John Garratt Catley, Esq.

Mark Currie Chase, Esq.

Edwin James Dunsell, Esq.

William Davidson, Esq.

Lancelot William Dent, Esq.

Alexander Druce, Esq.

Frederick Joseph Edmann, Esq.

Charles Hermann Gochen, Esq.

Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.

Francis Alex. Hamilton, Esq.

Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.

William Tetlow Hibbert, Esq.

Wilmot Holland, Esq.

Ernest Hubbard, Esq.

Scyrie Lebbell, Esq.

George Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.

Lord Josephine Wm. Percy.

Charles Robinson, Esq.

Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.

Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.

Joseph Somes, Esq.

William Wallace, Esq.

Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Medical Referee—SAMUEL SOLLY, Esq., F.R.S.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

FIRE DUTY.—This Tax having been abolished, the PREMIUM is NOW the only charge for FIRE INSURANCES.

Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £10,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of Partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

**COMPENSATION in Case of INJURY, and a Fixed SUM**

In Case of DEATH, caused by Accident of any Kind, may be secured by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY. An Annual Payment of 25 to 25 5s. Insures 21,000 at Death, and an Allowance at the rate of 6s. per Week for Injury.

OFFICES—61 CORNHILL and 10 REGENT STREET.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

**INFORMATION as to INSURANCE OFFICES.**—See the INSURANCE AGENT and INSURANCE REVIEW. Monthly, 2s.

London: MURBY, 32 Boulevard Street, E.C. And all Booksellers.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**

**JOHN MITCHELL'S STEEL PENS, Patronized by the**

QUEEN during the last Twenty-four Years.—Sold by all Stationers.

London Depot—56 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C. Works—Newhall Street, Birmingham.

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WATCHES Of all kinds. CLOCKS Of all kinds. GOLD JEWELLERY Of the Newest Designs.

LEVER. DRAWING-ROOM. BRACELETS.  
HORIZONTAL. DINING-ROOM. BROOCHES.  
CHRONOMETER. CARRIAGE. EAR-RINGS.  
KEYLESS. CHURCH. LOCKETS.  
CHRONOGRAPH. HALL AND SHOP. NECKLACES.

Mr. BENSON, who holds the appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has just published two Pamphlets, enriched and embellished with Illustrations—one upon Watch and Clock Making, and the other upon Artistic Gold Jewellery. These are sent post free for 2d. each. Persons living in the Country or Abroad can select the Article required, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

25 OLD BOND STREET; AND THE CITY STEAM WORKS, 28 AND 29 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.



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## IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.

**HEAL & SON** have on Show 130 PATTERNS of IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS, ready fixed for inspection in their Show Rooms, and their Stock consists of 2,000 Bedsteads, so that they can supply Orders at the shortest notice.

136, 137, 139 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

**HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**, containing 300 Illustrations, with Prices of BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE, sent free by post.

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**TRELOAR'S CATALOGUE of DURABLE FLOOR COVERINGS**, comprising Cocoa Nut Fibre Matting, Kamptulcon, and Floor Cloth, post free, from the Manufacturer, 67 Ludgate Hill.

**THOMAS D. MARSHALL'S LADIES' GUINEA CORK-SOLED BOOTS** for Damp Weather, Soft Levant Morocco, Elastic Sides, Handsome, Comfortable, and Durable. Velvet Elastic House Boots, 3s. 6d.

Catalogues post free.

THOMAS D. MARSHALL, 192 Oxford Street, W.

**DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET SERVICES.**—The Newest and Best Patterns always on view.

Every Description of CUT TABLE GLASS in great variety.

The Stock has been selected with much care, and is admirably suited for parties furnishing to choice from.

A large Assortment of ORNAMENTAL GOODS, combining novelty with beauty.

First-class quality—superior taste—low prices.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1769.

**SAUTERNE**, Vintage 1867, at 14s. per Dozen, or 8s. per Dozen Pints. A very agreeable White Wine, free from acidity.—H. B. FEARON & SON, 94 Holborn Hill, and 145 New Bond Street, London; and Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

**CLARET** of the excellent Vintage of 1865, at 12s. per Dozen; 7s. per Dozen Pints; £3 10s. per Half Hhd.; or £10 per Hhd., duty paid. Also, for use on Draught, in Four-gallon Casks, each complete with Tap and Vent Peg, at 5s. per Gallon. These Casks should be kept in a cool place, and the Consumption should be moderately quick.—H. B. FEARON & SON, 94 Holborn Hill, and 145 New Bond Street, London; and Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

**SHERRIES.**—T. O. LAZENBY, 90, 92 Wigmore Street, London, W., Wine Merchant.

No. 1.—Good Ordinary Sherry (Dry or rich) ..... 21s.  
No. 2.—Sound Dinner Sherry (Dry or rich) ..... 30s.  
No. 3.—Fine Dessert Sherry (Dry or rich) ..... 48s.

**E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.**—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Pickles, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, are compelled to CAUTION the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods with a view to mislead the Public.—50 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 19 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

**HARVEY'S SAUCE.**—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

EXCELLENT BEEF TEA FOR 21d. A PINT.

**ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.**—Only sort warranted genuine by the Inventor, Baron LIEBIG, whose Signature is on every genuine Jar.

Supplied to the British, Prussian, French, Russian, Dutch, and other Governments.

**INDIGESTION REMOVED.**—MORSON'S PEPSINE WINE, POWDER, LOZENGES, and GLOBULES are the successful and popular Remedies adopted by the Medical Profession for Indigestion.

Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s., with full Directions, by THOMAS MORSON & SON, 31, 33, and 121 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London, and by all Pharmaceutical Chemists.

**PURE AERATED WATERS—ELLIS'S.** ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS, unsurpassed for their Purity.

ELLIS'S Soda, Potas, Seltzer, Lithia, and Potas Waters and Lemonade. None genuine unless Cords branded "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin," and each Bottle bears their Trade Mark—Goat on Shield. Sold by all Chemists, Confectioners, and Hotel-keepers.

Wholesale only, of R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales.

**WEAKNESS.**—The finest TONIC is WATERS' QUININE WINE, unrivalled as a Stomachic Stimulant. Sold by Grocers, Olmen, Confectioners, &c., at 30s. per Dozen.

**WATERS & WILLIAMS**, the Original Makers, Worcester House, 34 Eastcheap, E.C.

**FIELD'S PURE "SPERMACE" SOAP**, 8d. and 1s. per Tablet, most delicately perfumed. This beautiful Article is a combination of the purest Soap with Spermace, the softening and emollient action of which is well-known, and it is especially recommended for Children and Invalids.

See Name on each Tablet and Label.

Wholesale—28 UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH, S.E.

**DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA**, the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

At 172 New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

**COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, and INFLUENZA** are speedily Cured by the use of

SPENCE'S PULMONIC ELIXIR.

**VELOUTINE**, the new TOILET POWDER.—VELOUTINE, specially prepared with Bismuth, acts beneficially upon the Skin, to which it closely adheres. It gives to the Complexion the freshness and softness of Youth, and is absolutely unrepugnant. The Powder, Perfum, and Box, &c.—Paris, F.A.N., 9 Rue de la Paix. London, Madame CORINNE, 37 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

**ORIENTAL TOOTH-PASTE.**—Established Forty Years as the most agreeable and effectual Preservative for the Teeth and Gums.

Sold universally in Pots, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

None genuine unless Signed JEWELL & BROWN, Manchester.

**TENDER FEET.**—All Unpleasantness and Soreness from Perspiration prevented and the Skin strengthened by using McDUGALL'S SCENTED CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP. Sold everywhere in 6d. Tablets.

McDUGALL BROTHERS, LONDON, 11 ARTHUR STREET WEST, E.C. MANCHESTER, PORT STREET.

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